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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Residence in the Burmhan Empire, and more particularly at the Court of Amarapoorah. By Captain Hiram Cox, of the H. E. I. Bengal Native Infantry. London, 1821. 8vo: pp. 431.

Though this residence at the then capital of the Burmhan Empire, took place in 1796, the year after Colonel Symes's Embassy, of which an account has long been before the public, we cannot but consider the present unostentatious volume as an agreeable, though but slight addition, to the knowledge of oriental history and manners; and notwithstanding the floating information gathered from incidental and collected notices of this and the surrounding countries, by Elmore, Towers, Morgan, Buchanan, Leyden, Hamilton, Canning, &c. we trust that a review, with extracts from Captain Cox's Journal, will not be misplaced in the pages of the Literary Gazette.

The Burmhan Empire is situated on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, and comprehends, with little exception, all that promontory, whether under the names of Aya, Siam, Arracan, or Pegu. Its boundaries on various sides are the Sea, Bengal territories, Assam, Thibet, China; and to the eastward, nations of which very little is known, such as Lao, Lachto, Cambodia, &c. Its length is estimated at 1000, and its breadth at 600 miles. The population is probably below eight millions, though eastern hyperbole has counted more than thrice that number. The government is a complete despotism; and the second rank in the state, *et non longum intervallum*, is held by a White Elephant, whose carcase the religion of Boudha (or at least the Burmhan sect of it) esteems to be the residence of a human soul in its last of many millions of transmigrations, previous to its absorption by the divine essence. The third person is the Queen. The officers, ministers, princes, and even priests, under all sorts of names, of whongs, and hooms, and wooms, and docks, are at the absolute disposal of the Bo or king * (par excellence, the Golden Emperor of the Golden Empire, as he of China is of the Celestial,) with their property, families, and lives.

Having prefaced this much, for the more ready comprehension of Captain Cox, we now enter upon his narrative.

He commenced sailing up the Rangoon river in Oct. 1796; and in all his intercourse with the natives, describes them as closely

* One of his titles is "Lord of the White Elephant, and of all the Elephants of the world."

resembling the Chinese in chicanery, falsehood, meanness, arrogance, and suspicion. In short, his negotiations seem almost a parody, by anticipation, of those of Lord Amherst; but as these tortuous transactions possess neither political nor historical consequence, we shall not waste the time of our readers with their details. On the 14th of November the author witnessed a religious procession: "The crowd (he tells us) of both sexes was very great from sun-rise till ten o'clock, every one carrying, or rather offering, according to their abilities or zeal. Some of them bore pageants in the form of trees, the branches loaded with clothes, betel, and other necessities for the priests: others, elegantly constructed pyramids of various forms on the backs of paper-elephants, crocodiles, or giants. These pyramids were very neatly made of coloured paper and wax, formed into fret-work containing fire-works—others fire-works, cloth, or fruit. The officers of government, and those who could afford the expense, were preceded by the country musicians; all were dressed in their gala-suits, and in the silks manufactured in the country; which for texture and vivid colours would be esteemed even in polished circles. The manners of the whole reflected credit upon them as a nation: no jostling, or ill-humour, was seen, all were gay and decorous. The dress of the women impresses strangers with an idea of their being immodest; but, in my opinion, they are quite the reverse: frank, but innocent; affectionate wives, and tender mothers. In the evening I again resumed my situation at the poyzah's house, but observed very little that varied from the morning procession, except that the crowds were greater, and every one carried a few wax-candles to offer. A few sky-rockets were the only part of the fire-works that I saw."

The exhibition of fire-works seems indeed to be almost as important as the White Elephant himself; for elsewhere we are informed—

"The Burmhan fire-works consist chiefly of large crackers, made in joints of bamboo, and a kind of Catherine-wheels, that are fire off horizontally, and, when well made, are projected by the impulsive force of the powder perpendicularly in the air, to a considerable height, whirling round with great impetuosity and noise, both in their ascent and descent; but for one that succeeds a dozen fail, so bad is the powder, and so little are they acquainted with the rules of composition. Some of these wheels are said to contain 2,000 viss, or 7,000 pounds of powder,—perhaps this account is exaggerated. In size, as near as I could judge from the distance, (at a visit to one of the officers of

state) the largest seemed to me about thirty feet in the transverse diameter, and six feet in height, and, when fired, formed an immense column of smoke. Each courtier had his fire-works separately arranged, and surrounded by his followers, with small distinguishing flags, so as to enable his majesty to know whose fire-works succeeded best. They began with those of the lowest rank; and, when one set was finished, the party to whom they belonged brought the remains of the cases with their flags and music, and danced before his majesty, who, I understand, on these occasions, gives them some trifling presents, as marks of his royal favour. These fire-works are exhibited by day, for fear of accidents; yet, notwithstanding, many are scorched and wounded by sudden explosions, and the falling of fiery fragments: on the whole, it is a rude, barbarous, and insipid exhibition; a waste of labour and materials, unaided by any efforts of ingenuity, and unrelieved by variety, so necessary to satisfy the fastidiousness of European criticism."

And again:

"The messenger informed me that he had been two days in coming from court; that his majesty had cut down an immense quantity of wood to burn bricks for his pagoda; also two large trees to make rockets, which he intended should be the largest ever seen in the Burmhan dominions. He proposes that each rocket shall contain 3,000 viss, or 10,500 pounds of powder."

Continuing his voyage up the river, Captain Cox reached the city of Prone or Promé on the 23rd of December, governed by a Prince, the second son of the Emperor (who was we believe afterwards, with his family, cut to pieces for a conspiracy); and on the 7th of January arrived at Yananghoong, where the celebrated wells of petroleum are situated. Of these we have the following particulars.

"At two p. m. I set off from my boat, accompanied by the Mewthaglee or Zemindar of the town, and several of the merchants, to view the wells. Our road lay to the east-north-east through dry beds of loose sand in the water-courses, and over rugged arid downs and hillocks, on which were scattered plants of euphorbium, the cassia tree, which yields the cutch or terror japonica, used throughout India, to add to the astringency of the betel when formed into pawn: it also yields a very durable timber for lining the oil-wells, and, lastly, the hardy briar, or wild plum of India. The sky was cloudless, so that the sun shone upon us with undiminished force, and, as I had been unwell for some days, I walked rather slowly; but at the expiration of an hour we reached the wells. I compute the distance therefore to

be three miles from the river. The wells we saw are scattered irregularly about the downs at no great distance from each other; some, perhaps, not more than thirty or forty yards. At this particular place we were informed, that there are 180 wells; and four or five miles to the north-east there are 340 more.

"In making a well, the hill is cut down, so as to form a square table of 14 or 20 feet for the crown of the well, and from this table a road is formed by scraping away an inclined plane for the drawers to descend, in raising the excavated earth from the well, and subsequently the oil. The shaft is sunk of a square form, and lined as the miner proceeds with squares of cassia wood staves; these staves are about six feet long, six inches broad, and two thick, and are rudely jointed and pinned at right angles to each other, forming a square frame about four and a half feet in the clear for the uppermost ones, but more contracted below. When a miner has pierced six or more feet of the shaft, a series of these square frames are piled on each other, and regularly added to at top; the whole gradually sinking as he deepens the shaft, and securing him against the falling in of the sides. The soil or strata to be pierced is, first, a light sandy loam intermixed with fragments of quartz, siliceous, &c. Secondly, a friable sand-stone easily wrought, with thin horizontal strata of a concrete of martial ore, talc, and indurated argil, at from ten or fifteen feet from the surface, and also from each other, as there are several of these veins in the great body of free-stone. Thirdly, at twenty cubits, more or less, from the surface, and immediately below the free-stone, a pale blue argillaceous earth (schista) appears, impregnated with the petroleum, and smelling strongly of it. This, they say, is very difficult to work, and grows harder as they get deeper, ending in schist and slate, such as is found covering veins of coal in Europe. Below this schist, at the depth of 130 cubits, is coal. I procured some (intermixed with sulphur and pyrites), which had been taken from a well deepened a few days before my arrival; but deemed amongst them a rarity, as they are seldom obliged to proceed to such a depth. They were piercing a new well when I was there; had got to the depth of eighty cubits, and expected oil at ten or twenty cubits more.

"The machinery used in drawing up the rubbish, and afterwards the oil from the well, is an axle crossing the centre of the well resting on two rude forked stanchions, with a revolving barrel on its centre, like the nave of a wheel, in which is a score for receiving the draw-ropes; the bucket is of wicker work covered with dammer; and the labour of the drawers, consisting in general of three men, is facilitated by the descent of the inclined plane, as water is drawn from deep wells in Hindostan. To receive the oil, one man is stationed at the brink of the well, who empties the bucket into a channel made on the surface of the earth leading to a sunken jar, from whence it is laded into smaller ones, and immediately carried down to the river, either by coolies or on hackeries.

When a well grows dry, they deepen it. They say, none are abandoned for barrenness. Even the death of a miner from mephitic air does not deter others from persisting in deepening them when dry. Two days before my arrival, a man was suffocated in one of the wells; yet they afterwards renewed their attempts without further accident. I recommended trying the air with a candle, &c. with seemingly little effect.

"The oil is drawn pure from the wells in the liquid state, as used without variation; but in the cold season it congeals in the open air, and always loses something of its fluidity; the temperature of the wells preserving it in a liquid state fit to be drawn. A man, who was lowered into a well 110 cubits, in my presence, and immediately drawn up, perspired copiously at every pore: unfortunately I had no other means of trying the temperature. The oil is of a dingy green, and odorous: it is used for lamps, and, boiled with a little dammer (a resin of the country) for paying the timbers of houses, and the bottoms of boats, &c. which it preserves from decay and vermin. Its medicinal properties known to the natives, cause it to be employed as a lotion in cutaneous eruptions, and as an embrocation in bruises and rheumatic affections. The miners positively assured me, that no water ever percolates through the earth into the wells, as has been supposed."

"The average produce of each well per diem, they said was 500 viss, or 1,825lbs. avoirdupois, and that the labourers earned upwards of eight ticals each per month. Each well is worked by four men, and their wages is regulated by the average produce of six days' labour, of which they have one-sixth, or its value, at the rate of one and a quarter ticals per hundred viss, the price of the oil at the wells. The proprietor has an option of paying their sixth in oil; but I understand he pays the value in money. No provisions are allowed to the oil drawers, but the proprietors supply the ropes, &c. and lastly, the king's duty is a tenth of the produce."

The author concludes by a calculation on the best data at which he could arrive, that "as there are 520 wells registered by government, the gross amount produce of the whole per annum, will be 56,940 viss, or 92,781 tons, 1,560lbs., or 412,360 hog-heads; worth at the wells, at one and a quarter ticals per hundred viss, 711,750 ticals, or 889,687½ sicca rupees.

"From the wells the oil is carried in small jars, by coolies or on carts, to the river; where it is delivered to the merchant exporter, at two ticals per hundred viss; the value being enhanced three-eighths by the expense and risk of portage; therefore the gross value or profit to the country of the whole, deducting five per cent for wastage, may be stated at 1,081,860 ticals, or 1,362,325 sicca rupees per annum, yielding a direct revenue to the king of 136,232 sicca rupees per annum, and perhaps thrice as much more before it reaches the consumer; besides the benefit the whole country must derive from the productive industry

called into action, by the constant employment of so large a capital on so gruff an article. There were between seventy and eighty boats, average burthen sixty tons each, loading oil at the several wharfs, and others constantly coming and going while I was there. A number of boats and men also find constant employment in providing the pots, &c. for the oil; and the extent of this single branch of internal commerce, (for almost the whole is consumed in the country,) will serve to give some insight into the internal commerce and resources of the country. At the wells the price of the oil is seven anas seven pice, per 112lbs. avoirdupois; at the port of Ranghong it is sold at the rate of three sicca rupees, three anas, and six pice, per 112lbs. or per hogshhead of sixty-three gallons, (weighing 504lbs.) fourteen rupees, seven anas, nine pice, exclusive of the cask; or per Bengal bazar maund, two rupees, five anas, eight pice; whereas the mustard-seed and other vegetable oils sell, at Ranghong, at eleven rupees per bazar maund.

"To conclude, this oil is a genuine petroleum, possessing all the properties of coal-tar, being in fact the self-same thing; the only difference is, that Nature elaborates in the bowels of the earth, that for the Burmahans, for which European nations are obliged to the ingenuity of Lord Dundonald."

On the 1st of February the boats got to Mheghoon, the new and absurd capital establishing by the reigning monarch, instead of Ummerapoor, or Amerapoorah, as Capt. C. designates the former metropolis:—we do not remember any two writers preserving the same orthography in eastern proper names.

"The place dignified with the name of the city of Mheghoon, is an assemblage of bamboo huts, with a few wooden houses, straggling along the western bank of the river, for about two miles, under a range of high barren hills. At present they appear to be only temporary habitations for the courtiers, and their followers. About the centre of what is called the city, is a wooden palace of his majesty's, externally of a mean appearance; and along the bank near it were ranged about ten large accommodation-boats for the royal family. They have houses erected on them, with gilt mouldings and ornaments, also two large ones with high pagodas on them, for his majesty's and the queen's particular use. A little beyond his majesty's palace is the site of the intended pagoda; at present they are advanced but little above the foundation; and, as the dimensions are very great, it will require some years to finish it. His majesty holds his court at present in a large one-poled tent on a sand-bank in the river opposite, but nearly three-fourths of a mile east of the pagoda, where he remains while dispensing charity to the priesthood. Besides his tent, he has a temporary bamboo palace, and the bank is covered with the huts of his particular attendants. Just as we came abreast of his tent, the magazine of his majesty's fireworks, collected for the ensuing festival, exploded."

Of the sovereign so lodged, our envoy, after much treating as to forms, had an au-

dience, to which he was conducted by a great officer, called a mayhoon, "habited in his court-dress, viz. a large bodied red velvet gown, with large wide sleeves trimmed with broad gold lace, and a red velvet cap about a foot in height, the peak slightly curved backwards, with a rim of gold plate round the bottom band, one inch and a half broad, and another about two inches higher up, with perpendicular gold leaves rising from it, shaped like spear-heads; the habit altogether much in the Chinese style." * *

"About 300 yards from the east front of the palace tent, his majesty's troops formed an avenue. They were seated on the ground, with their muskets and match-locks grounded, and pointing inwards, with their muzzles a little elevated, as if ready to punish any aggression: they were dressed in the common habits of the country, and were a mere rabble. When the woodcocks, &c. entered within the line of troops, they took off their shoes, and sent away their chatters or umbrellas. About 150 yards from the gate of the palace enclosure, we halted, opposite a shade of bamboos; within which carpets and mats were spread. The mayhoon, &c. went into the shade, and requested I would come in out of the sun, until orders came for my proceeding: however, as it was expected I should pull off my shoes, I declined the invitation. In about five minutes we again proceeded."

We pass over the ceremonies, to afford the portrait of his majesty.

"He was dressed in white muslin with a gold border, and had on a crown shaped something like a mitre, about fifteen inches in height, but how ornamented I was too distant to observe. In his hand he had a small chowrie, made of peacocks' quills, with which he fanned away the flies; no one remained in the pulpit with him. He appeared rather lusty, his countenance open, and complexion rather fairer than the Burmahans in general, with a thin grey beard, and altogether like a Chinese of the southern part of the empire. When seated, he asked in a clear and audible voice, which was the Resident? Then, who was the gentleman next me? He then asked, whether my epaulets and cockade were insignia of my rank? Who were the persons attending in my suite? What was in the chests? What the use of the large blocks of timber, &c. &c. He was then pleased to say, that he understood I was a sensible and polite gentleman; upon which I placed my hand on my breast, and bowed my head. He immediately said, — 'Ah! that is the manner in which the Europeans salute their sovereigns. The hand placed on the breast means that their respect flows from the heart.' To which the viceroy replied in the affirmative. The sandogan, first prostrating himself three times, then read from a tar leaf, in a singing tone, an account of the presents. After sitting about twenty minutes, the king, addressing himself to the viceroy, said, 'The weather is very warm, I must retire; take care of him.' He then rose from the throne, and retired to his palace in the rear."

Refreshments closed the scene; and the

emperor was, or pretended to be, so well pleased with the ambassador, that he gave him leave to see his new Pagoda, the chief wonders in which were "two colossal figures of lions, or rather sphinxes, in positions rather couchant than rampant. They are of brick masonry, and seated on pedestals of the same materials; the surface of the pedestals are about two cubits above the level of the terrace, and the height of the figures, from the surface of the table to the crown of their heads, is fifty-eight cubits; making altogether sixty Burmhan cubits of nineteen inches each, or ninety-five English feet. The body and limbs are of proportionate magnitude, according to the Burmhan ideas of sculpture; the eyes and teeth are of alabaster; the eye-ball, which we had an opportunity of measuring, was thirteen feet in circumference."

The dedicated treasures "consisted (continues the writer) of a great variety of Burmhan temples and keouns in miniature, covered with plates of fifty per cent. silver, and filled with little images of their idols, from three inches to a foot in height, of the same materials. Besides those in the temples, &c. there were squadrons of others of the same kind and quality arranged on the floor; also many which they said were of solid gold, but on examination we found them less valuable; there were also two rows of about a dozen larger images of alabaster, from four to two feet in height, well gilt and burnished. These were of that remarkable kind which I have before noticed in this diary; their cast of features and hair being precisely that of the Abyssinian negroes; all the others were of Indian origin. There were also several gilt metal flat caskets, said to contain gold and precious stones; Mr. Burnett saw the contents of two or three, though I did not; in them were several coloured stones, none above ten or fifteen carats weight, set in gilt foil. There were also several piles of bricks, slabs of coloured glass, and white chattahs, such as are used by the royal family; and, lastly, one of Dr. Priestley's machines for impregnating water with fixed air. On the opposite side, in another shade, was an image of a deity in a portable temple, with poles fixed to it for four bearers, which, we were informed, were sufficient when its godship was in good humour, but when displeased, not all the power of the Burmhan empire could move it. Many miraculous cures are ascribed to the power of this deity."

A curious reason is assigned, in another place, for the negro cast of the images, which also prevailed in a pagoda at the city of Gayene.

"In the four principal centre-niches, are four erect colossal gilt images of Godomix, about twenty-five feet in height, standing on the lotos flower. It is remarkable that these have all crisped hair! the poonghees deny that they have any affinity with Caffres, but say that when Godoma assumed the religious habit, he cut off his hair with his sword, leaving it rugged or furrowed, and the features of a genuine Burmhan have a good deal of the Caffre cast. These principal niches

form a kind of *sanctum sanctorum*, and are called off, so as to prevent the too-near approach of the multitude. Over each figure is suspended a chattr of dominion. In the vestibule of the western front, is a large stone with the prints of the feet of Godoma. These are only representations of those sacred impressions which he has left in various parts of the earth, particularly in the Burmhan dominions."

(To be continued.)

Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution; including a narrative of the Expedition of General Xavier Mina, &c. &c. &c.
By William Davis Robinson. London, 1821, 2 vols. 8vo.

The details of many of the affairs attending the contest in Spanish America are here given on the authority of an American of the United States; himself a very violent partizan of the revolution, and a clamorous sufferer in the cause. It is obvious that accounts of this warfare must almost necessarily be derived from partial sources, on one side or on the other; but we must say, that there is *prima facie* evidence in these volumes which induces us to look upon them with as much suspicion as we could attach to any statement whatever from any quarter. Nor have we any delight in pursuing through a long narrative, the particulars of scenes of violence and rapine—of murder and massacre. Human nature revolts at the cruelties perpetrated alike by royalists and patriots; and the mutual horrors committed by the respective bands of treacherous assassins, can hardly be contemplated even by hardened minds, without pain and disgust. We are, therefore, compelled to observe, that in so far as our taste goes, we derive no pleasure from the perusal of works which seem to be written in blood instead of ink: they can produce no moral good to mankind; and as matters of history, are scarcely worth the prolixity of minute description.

The author's own story is of interest to no one but himself. He took a too active share in the concerns of another people, was on the losing party, and punished by the winners.

The more general subject is chiefly a relation of the events of the contest both in the Caraccas and in Mexico. The following specimen is an example of the former.

"In the latter part of the year 1813, or in the beginning of that of 1814, General Bolivar, the republican chief of Venezuela, had retaken nearly the whole of the country, and had penned up the Spaniards in the city of Puerto Cavello. Bolivar at that time had in his possession more than thirteen hundred European Spaniards prisoners. The royalists had likewise in their hands, at Puerto Cavello, about three hundred and fifty Creole prisoners. Notwithstanding this disproportion of numbers, Bolivar repeatedly offered to deliver up the whole of his European prisoners, in exchange for the three hundred and fifty Creoles.

"These offers were not only rejected, but

Bolívar's flags of truce were treated with outrage, and the most insulting answers sent to his proposals. The royal commandant at Puerto Cavello, (his name we believe to be *Juuetta*), a proud and obstinate Biscayan, was daily employed in shooting a given number of Creole prisoners, on the ramparts of Puerto Cavello, in full view of Bolívar and his army. The indignation excited by this wanton and outrageous barbarity may easily be conceived. At length Bolívar informed the commandant, that if he persisted in refusing an exchange of prisoners, and continued to sacrifice those under his power, a dreadful retaliation should ensue. This produced no other effect on the barbarous commandant, than an insulting letter to Bolívar, declaring his resolution to put to death every Creole in the fortress. There remained no alternative: Bolívar despatched an order to the governor of the city of Caracas, to *execute every European Spaniard who was confined in that city, or at La Guayra*. This dreadful order was carried into literal and prompt execution, and not more than twenty or thirty of the European Spaniards, who were prisoners, were saved from the terrible sentence.

"The author of this work, as well as many other foreigners, was present at the execution of above eight hundred of these victims at La Guayra. They were taken out of the dungeons, and conducted in pairs a short distance from the town, and there shot; after which, their bodies were burned. Many of these unfortunate beings, who knew that their sacrifice was the result of the unfeeling obstinacy and cruelty of the Spanish government and its officers, deliberately conversed on the subject while walking to the place of execution, and several of them uttered the most horrible curses against the authors of their calamities."

Mina's course, in Mexico, was of a like sanguinary kind; we shall not follow the relation. The royalists are accused of murdering their prisoners at Sombrero; and in revenge, when Mina takes Biscocho, and "the garrison were made prisoners, with the exception of the commandant, who had prudently decamped on the first appearance of Mina's troops. The recollection of the dreadful massacre at Sombrero, the clamours of Mina's surviving companions, and the rage of his whole division, now operated on his feelings; and, for the first time, he listened to the cries of revenge. Thirty-one of the garrison were taken out, and shot. The mere mention, a few weeks before, of such a sacrifice of prisoners, would have filled the general, as well as his troops, with horror; but the wanton barbarity of the royalists rendered it necessary to repress the feelings of humanity. The extension of mercy to an enemy who spurned at every principle of civilized warfare, had become impolitic and preposterous; and it was now necessary to repel acts of barbarism, by measures of just retaliation. The remains of Mina's division vowed to sacrifice every royalist taken in arms, until they had expiated the blood of their murdered companions, or until the enemy should refrain

from immolating their prisoners in cold blood. It was not, however, Mina's intention to cherish these views of retaliation. On the occasion in question, he permitted the principle to be acted upon."

Perhaps it was of little consequence to humanity, which side of these infernal monsters triumphed: certainly it was a happy event, that a contest so conducted was speedily terminated by the destruction of one of them. The lot fell on Mina; and the account of the termination of his career, being the most likely to interest our readers, shall conclude our extracts. This leader being pursued by the royalist general, Orrantia, marched upon the city of Guanajuato, which he resolved to carry by a *coup-de-main*.

"His intention was communicated to the troops, who manifested an anxiety to be led on. Pleased with their enthusiasm, and flattering himself that he was about to strike a blow which would give a decisive turn to the revolution, he made his arrangements accordingly. Filled with these presages, he appeared more than usually animated, and, as the darkness of the night approached, advanced upon the city. At eleven o'clock the advanced guard arrived in the suburbs. A considerable halt was there made, to enable the division to close up, as the defiles through which the place had been approached were very narrow; in some places not affording a passage for more than a single file of men. The troops at length reunited; and although the centinels were proclaiming within a short distance their "All's well!" yet such had been the silence and good order on the part of Mina's troops, that the enemy were not apprised of his approach until after midnight, when they received the first intimation of it, by the surprise and capture of one of their outposts. The alarm of the enemy became general, and a firing commenced from the castle. But habits of discipline were again found wanting; and scenes even more disgraceful than those we have formerly described as having occurred at San Luis de la Paz, were here re-acted, at the critical moment when order and obedience were most required. Mina found himself surrounded by a military mob. In vain did he employ persuasion or threats; his mildness won them not; his orders were not obeyed; and although the enemy's fire had slackened for some time, thereby offering an opportunity for the assault, all his attempts were fruitless—he could not induce them to move forward. Until near dawn did the general fruitlessly exert himself to restore some order, and prevail on the troops to advance; but finding it impossible, and knowing that Orrantia was approaching, he was compelled to abandon the assault, and to commence a retreat. With such troops as these, after the failure of an enterprise, a retreat must be synonymous with flight."

In the morning Mina censures and dismisses them; and retaining only 40 infantry and 30 cavalry, determines to proceed to the residence of his friend Don Mariano Herrera, at a neighbouring rancho, called El Venadito.

This friend had already been visited by the royalists, and had ransomed his life by the sacrifice of his property.

"The Venadito was placed in a small circular barranca, in front of which was a small plain. The barranca was more or less covered with a copse, among which were interspersed large masses of rock. Through these wound the only path to the high grounds surrounding,—a spacious table land, bounded at its extremities by barrancas. The road from Guanajuato and Silao, running through a long, narrow, and intricate barranca, in which dwelt a numerous peasantry, warmly attached to the cause of liberty, and devoted to Don Mariano, was supposed to afford complete protection from a surprise by the enemy in that direction, as their approach could be communicated to Don Mariano in sufficient time to enable him and his attendants to take refuge among the barrancas in the rear of the Venadito. On the other side there were no royalist posts for a considerable distance, and as the patriot troops under Ortiz ranged unmolested in that direction, no danger was thence apprehended.

"The Venadito was, therefore, deemed perfectly secure from a surprise by day, and at night it was the custom of Don Mariano to take refuge in the mountains; so that although living in constant apprehension, yet he considered his person in safety. In this solitary spot Don Mariano passed his time, solaced by the attentions of a beloved sister, who had torn herself from her friends in Guanajuato, to partake of her brother's fortune.

"Mina and Herrera had formed for each other a warm friendship; the former gave to the latter his entire confidence, of which he was in every respect deserving. Mina arrived the next day, about noon, at the Venadito, where he was most cordially received by his friend, and thought himself perfectly secure. He therefore determined to pass the night at the rancho with his friend, and ordered the horses of the cavalry out to pasture. During the afternoon, Don Pedro Moreno, who resided in the neighbourhood, visited Mina, and remained with him. The troops encamped in advance of the house; videttes were posted; and the general was so satisfied of his security, that, contrary to his usual custom, he retired to rest on the floor in the house. We mention these circumstances, because the sequel will shew, that the general, in this rare instance of a departure from his usual habit of sleeping with his men, committed a most unfortunate error.

"Among the pernicious and impolitic practices of the patriots, was that of permitting priests to come out of the enemy's towns to perform mass among them. Many of these men were spies and agents of the royalists, who never failed to collect every possible information for the advantage of their masters. The road by which Mina had that morning passed, lay through a small pueblo to which a padre repaired weekly from Silao. It was Sunday when the general passed through it. The padre waited on him to pay his respects, conducting himself with

all that humility and sycophancy which his fraternity so well know how to use, when a point is to be gained. Mina treated him, as he always did persons of his description, with attention and respect, but, at the same time, with caution. The padre either was informed of, or conjectured Mina's destination; but be that as it may, he was so very anxious to carry the gratifying intelligence to the royalists, that, the instant Mina departed from the pueblo, without waiting for his dinner, he mounted his mule, and set out for Silao, distant about five or six leagues. He conveyed the news; and Orrantia, notwithstanding the fatigue of his troops, lost not a moment in putting them in motion, and, having gained a position suitable to his design, placed them in ambush near the Venadito, intending, as soon as day-light should enable him to discern objects, to fall upon Mina's party.

"At dawn of the morning of the 27th, Orrantia's cavalry sallied from the ambush, and advanced at full speed on Mina's encampment. The alarm was given; the troopers of Mina, finding themselves cut off from their horses at pasture, mingled with the infantry, whose first impulse was to save themselves by flight. If thirty infantry only had united at that juncture, such was the situation of the ground, that they could have repelled the whole force of Orrantia, or at least could have held him in check, and made good their retreat. But officers and soldiers thought of nothing but their own safety; in the utmost disorder they rushed forward to gain the summit of the hills, and thence escape by the barrancas in the rear. Mina, awakened by the noise and tumult of his flying troops, started from the floor, and rushed out of the house in the same apparel in which he had passed the night, without coat, hat, or even his sword. Regardless of his person, the first object was to attempt the rallying of his flying troops; but all his exertions were unavailing, for he soon found himself alone. He beheld the enemy pursuing and cutting down his flying comrades, and attempted, when too late, to secure his own safety: but the enemy were upon him. In the act of hallooing to the fugitives to halt and form, he was seized by a dragoon, and having no arms whatever, resistance was perfectly useless.

"If Mina, on first leaving the house, had attempted to escape, he might have succeeded with as much ease as many others; but such a thought, we believe, never entered his mind. His favourite servant, a coloured boy of New Orleans, after the general left the house, saddled his best horse, and went in pursuit of his master, carrying likewise his sword and pistols; but unfortunately he found him not.

"The dragoon who captured Mina was ignorant of the rank of his prisoner, until informed of it by the general himself. He was then pinioned, and conducted into the presence of Orrantia, who, in the most arrogant manner, began to reproach him for having taken up arms against his sovereign, and interrogated him concerning his motives in thus becoming a traitor, insulting him,

and lavishing upon him the bitterest criminations. Mina, who on the most trying occasions never lost his presence of mind and characteristic firmness, replied to these interrogatories in so sarcastic a strain, and with such strong expressions of contempt and indignation manifested in his countenance, that the brutal Orrantia started from his seat, and beat with the flat of his sword his disarmed and pinioned prisoner. Mina, motionless as a statue, endured this indignity; and then, with a crest brightened by conscious greatness, and an eye glowing with the fires of an elevated spirit, looked down upon his conqueror, and said, 'I regret being made a prisoner; but to fall into the hands of one regardless of the character of a Spaniard and a soldier, renders my misfortune doubly keen.' The magnanimity of Mina filled every man present with admiration, and even Orrantia stood confounded with the severity of his rebuke.

"The capture of Mina was considered by the Spanish government as an event of such high importance, that they have honoured the present viceroy, Don Juan Ruiz de Apodaca, with the title of *Conde del Venadito*; Linan and Orrantia have been presented with military crosses; and to the dragoon who actually took Mina, a yearly stipend has been assigned, accompanied by promotion to the rank of a corporal.

"Five of the officers of Mina's division, and some few of the soldiers, escaped from the Venadito: Don José Maria Liceaga succeeded in his flight on horseback. The Creole troops in general began their flight so early in the alarm, that they had time to conceal themselves in the broken ground. Of the division, four men were killed. Don Pedro Moreno, who had fled up the side of the barranca, was overtaken, and killed, and his head severed from his body: this trophy was afterwards stuck on a pole. Don Mariano Herrera, and about fourteen of the troops, were made prisoners: these, with the exception of Don Mariano, were executed.

"Orrantia, after the disgraceful scene we have already noticed, inquired the force of the patriots in his neighbourhood; Mina informed him; when, conceiving perhaps that a desperate effort might be made to rescue the general, he immediately retreated upon Silao with his prisoner, who was treated with every indignity. This ungenerous treatment was borne by Mina with his characteristic fortitude; the situation of his companions engrossed his reflections, and while on the road, his endeavours to cheer them up were constant.

"On reaching Silao, he was put into irons by his savage conductor. Thence he was removed to Irapuato, and finally to Linan's head-quarters in front of Tepeaca at Los Remedios, where he was committed to the care of the regiment of Navarra. His treatment there was such as a brave man deserved; every humane attention being shewn him, and his situation made as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

"In the city of Mexico, a great anxiety prevailed to behold Mina, and had he reach-

ed that place, much interest would have been made to save his life; but the viceroy, fearing the consequences that might ensue should he be brought thither, and being in constant dread lest he should escape, despatched an order to Linan for the immediate execution of his prisoner.

"When this order was communicated to Mina, he received it without any visible emotion. He continued to resist all overtures, for the purpose of drawing information from him; but regretted that he had not landed in Mexico one year sooner, when his services would have been more effective. He likewise regretted quitting life so deeply indebted to certain individuals, who had generously aided his enterprise.

"On the 11th of November (as well as we can now recollect) he was conducted under a military escort to the fatal ground, attended by a file of the *Caçadores* of the regiment of Zaragoza. In this last scene of his life was the hero of Navarre not unmindful of his character; with a firm step he advanced to the fatal spot, and with his usual serenity told the soldiers to take good aim, "*Y no me hagais sufrir*," (and don't let me suffer). The officer commanding gave the accustomed signal; the soldiers fired; and that spirit fled from earth, which, for all the qualities which constitute the hero and the patriot, seemed to have been born for the good of mankind." He was 28 years of age.

Some speculations on the routes to the Pacific Ocean, and on effecting a communication between it and the Atlantic, and a statement of the writer's claims on Spain, are added to the work. The former conveys some useful intelligence; which, and the incidental notices of Mexico, its produce, &c. in the main portion of the Memoirs, are the most meritorious features in the publication.

The Percy Anecdotes. Part XVII.

This Part is given to anecdotes of Genius, and contains an amusing miscellany, as the annexed selections may tend to show.

Chatterton.—The unfortunate Chatterton had written a political essay for "the North Briton," which opened with the flourish of "A spirited people freeing themselves from insupportable slavery." It was, however, though accepted, not printed, on account of the Lord Mayor's death. The patriot thus calculated the death of his great patron.

Lost by his death in this essay... £1 11 6
Gained in elegies... £2 2 0
— in essays... £3 3 0

Am glad he is dead by £3 13 6

"Going your way."—Paul Hefferman was a man of learning and genius, notwithstanding the scurrility of Tom Davis, the bookseller, who did not dare while he lived to look uncivilly at him. The eccentricity of Paul was remarkable; he was always going your way. To try the experiment as far as it would go, a gentleman of his acquaintance, after treating him with a good supper at the Bedford Coffee House, took

him by the hand, saying, "Good night, Paul." "Stay," says he, "I am going your way." His friend stepped onward, out of his own way, with Paul to Limehouse; when contriving to amuse him with the certain success of his tragedy, the *Heroine of the Cave*, afterwards performed with no success, he brought him back to Carpenter's Coffee House, in Covent Garden, at three o'clock in the morning: where, after drinking some coffee and punch, a new departure was taken, with, "Good morning, Paul; I am going to the Blue Boar, in Holborn." "Well," said Hefferman, "That's in my way!" and upon leaving his friend at the gate, he took his leave a second time, about five in the morning, and afterwards walked leisurely home to his lodgings, in College Street, Westminster.

Amanuenses.—The Earl of Peterborough could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together, as (says Pope) I was assured by a gentleman who saw him do it, when ambassador at Turin. He walked round the room, and told each in his turn what he was to write. One was, perhaps, a letter to the Emperor; another, to an old friend; a third, to a mistress, a fourth, to a statesman; and so on; and yet he carried so many and so different connexions in his head, all at the same time.

A voluminous author was one day expatiating to Goldsmith, on the advantages of employing an amanuensis, and thus saving the trouble of writing. "How do you manage it?" said the doctor. "Why," replied the other, "I walk about the room and dictate to a clever man, who puts down very correctly all that I say, so that I have nothing more to do, than just look over the manuscript, and then send it to the press." Goldsmith was delighted with the information, and desired his friend to send the amanuensis to him the next morning. The scribe accordingly waited upon the doctor, placed himself at the table with the paper before him, and his pen ready to catch the oracle. Goldsmith paced round and round the room with great solemnity for some time; but after racking his brain to no effect, he put his hand into his pocket, took out a guinea, and giving it to the amanuensis, said, "It won't do, my friend; I find that my head and my hand must go together."

THE EARL OF WALDEGRAVE'S MEMOIRS.

Our last number introduced this volume of buckram pasteboard and its contents to our readers. We proceed with the demonstration.

The following whimsical anecdote is told of the opening of the session 1766, when the coalition of the Devonshire and Pitt ministry had been forced on the king. "All previous articles being now settled, the session of parliament opened with a speech from the throne, which, by its style and substance, appeared to be the work of a new speech-maker. The militia, which his Majesty had always turned into ridicule, being strongly recommended; the late administration censured, and the uncourtly addresses

of the preceding summer receiving the highest commendations.

"But though his Majesty found it necessary to talk this language to his parliament, in common conversation he made a frank declaration of his real sentiments: particularly being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious speech, he answered, that he hoped the man's punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own."

We shall now take a few miscellaneous extracts: the annexed are the writer's characters of Lord Anson and of the Duke of Grafton.

"Lord Anson was also dismissed from the Admiralty; a violent clamour having been raised against him, of which he was no more deserving than of the high reputation which preceded it.

"He was, in reality, a good sea-officer, and had gained a considerable victory over the French in the last war: but nature had not endowed him with those extraordinary abilities which had been so liberally granted him by the whole nation. Now, on the contrary, he is to be allowed no merit whatsoever; the loss of Minorca is to be imputed to his misconduct, though many were equally, some infinitely more blamable; his slowness in business is to be called negligence; and his silence and reserve, which formerly passed for wisdom, takes the name of dulness, and of want of capacity."

"The death of the Duke of Grafton, which happened during these transactions, was very prejudicial to his Majesty's affairs."

"He was a few days older than the king; had been Lord Chamberlain during the whole reign, and had a particular manner of talking to his master on all subjects, and of touching upon the most tender points, which no other person ever ventured to imitate.

"He usually turned politics into ridicule; had never applied himself to business; and as to books, was totally illiterate: yet from long observation, and great natural sagacity, he became the ablest courtier of his time: had the most perfect knowledge both of king and ministers; and had more opportunities than any man of doing good or bad offices.

"He was a great teaser; had an established right of saying whatever he pleased; and by a most intimate acquaintance with all the Duke of Newcastle's evasions, had acquired such an ascendancy over him, that, had he negotiated in my stead, he probably would have succeeded where I failed."

He vilifies the late Lord Chatham in no qualified terms, when advising the king to admit him to the ministry. It was, he says, "my very humble advice, that his Majesty should give way to the necessity of the times: and if he would graciously overlook some past offences, and would gratify Pitt's vanity with a moderate share of that affability and courteousness, which he so liberally bestowed on so many of his servants, I was convinced he would find no intractable minister."

"That I was not ignorant that Pitt could be guilty of the worst of actions, whenever his ambition, his pride, or his resentment were to be gratified; but that he could also be sensible of good treatment; was bold and resolute, above doing things by halves; and if he once engaged, would go farther than any man in this country. Nor would his former violence against Hanover be any kind of obstacle, as he had given frequent proofs that he could change sides, whenever he found it necessary, and could deny his own words with an unembarrassed countenance."

"His Majesty heard every thing I said with great patience; and answered with some cheerfulness, that according to my description, his situation was not much to be envied; but he could assure me it was infinitely more disagreeable than I represented it. That he believed few princes had been exposed to such treatment; that we were angry because he was partial to his electorate, though he desired nothing more to be done for Hanover than what we were bound in honour and justice to do for any country whatsoever, when it was exposed to danger entirely on our account.

"That we were, indeed, a very extraordinary people, continually talking of our constitution, laws, and liberty. That as to our constitution, he allowed it to be a good one, and defied any man to produce a single instance wherein he had exceeded his proper limits. That he never meant to screen or protect any servant who had done amiss; but still he had a right to chuse those who were to serve him, though, at present, so far from having an option, he was not even allowed a negative."

"That as to our laws, we passed near a hundred every session, which seemed made for no other purpose, but to afford us the pleasure of breaking them: and as to our zeal for liberty, it was in itself highly commendable; but our notions must be somewhat singular, when the chief of the nobility chose rather to be the dependants and followers of a Duke of Newcastle than to be the friends and counsellors of their sovereign."

In truth, the poor king was sorely beset, either in forming administrations or in administrations after they were formed. Here is a picture of one of them.

"If his Majesty was dissatisfied with the parliamentary conduct of his ministers, their behaviour in the closet, though hitherto not very offensive, was, at least very disagreeable.

"The king, who had a quick conception, and did not like to be kept long in suspense, expected that those who talked to him on business should use no superfluous arguments, but should come at once to the point: whilst Pitt and Lord Temple, who were orators even in familiar conversation, endeavoured to guide his Majesty's passions, and to convince his judgment according to the rules of rhetoric."

"Their mutual dissatisfaction was soon increased by the affair of Admiral Bing, who had been condemned by a court martial, but at the same time had been strongly recommended to his Majesty's mercy."

"The popular cry was violent against the admiral; but Pitt and Lord Temple were desirous to save him; partly to please Leicester House, and partly because making him less criminal, would throw greater blame on the late administration.

"But, to avoid the odium of protecting a man who had been hanged in effigy in every town in England, they wanted the king to pardon him without their seeming to interfere; agreeable to the practice of most ministers, who take all merit to themselves when measures are approved of, and load their master with those acts of prerogative which are most unpopular.

"His Majesty, however, not chusing to be their dupe, obliged them to pull off the mask; and the sentence against the admiral was not carried into execution, till, by their behaviour in parliament, they had given public proof of their partiality."

"His Majesty became every day more averse to his new ministers. Pitt, indeed, had not frequent occasions of giving offence, having been confined by the gout the greater part of the winter; and when he made his appearance he behaved with proper respect, so that the king, though he did not like his long speeches, always treated him like a gentleman.

"But to Lord Temple he had the strongest aversion, his lordship having a pert familiarity, which is not always agreeable to Majesty: besides, in the affair of Admiral Bingle, he had used some insolent expressions which the king would never forgive.

"His Majesty had now determined to dismiss them both as soon as possible, which opens a new scene wherein I must be guilty of much egotism, having been a principal agent in most of the subsequent transactions.

"After I had quitted the Prince of Wales's service, in October 56, I remained quiet, troubling myself very little about politics, till the February following, when, by the death of Lord Walpole, I came into possession of my place in the Exchequer, in less than two months after the reversionary patent had passed the great seal.

"On this occasion I thought it right to wait on the king, both to return thanks, and to resign my employment in the stanneries; the place of teller alone, being, as I told his Majesty, as much as any man was entitled to, and full as much as I either wanted or wished.

"He received me very graciously; told me how glad he was that he had granted the reversion at the right time, for that at present it would not have been in his power. He moreover insisted that I should continue Warden of the Stannaries some time longer, if it were only to exclude some impertinent relation of the new minister.

"He then expressed his dislike to Pitt and Lord Temple in very strong terms; the substance of which was, that the secretary made him long speeches, which possibly might be very fine, but were greatly beyond his comprehension; and that his letters were affected, formal, and pedantic.

"That as to Temple, he was so disagreeable a fellow, there was no bearing him;

that when he attempted to argue, he was pert, and sometimes insolent; that when he meant to be civil, he was exceeding troublesome, and that in the business of his office he was totally ignorant.

"He next questioned me concerning the Duke of Newcastle; to which I answered, that though he was no longer a minister, it was very apparent a great majority in both houses of parliament still considered him as their chief, and were ready to act under his direction. That some of these might possibly be attached to him by a principle of gratitude; but the greater number were his followers, because they had reason to expect that he would soon be in a condition to reward their services. That as to his Grace himself, he was quite doubtful what part he should take, being equally balanced between fear on one side, and love of power on the other.

"To this the king replied, 'I know he is apt to be afraid, therefore go and encourage him; tell him I do not look upon myself as king, whilst I am in the hands of these scoundrels: that I am determined to get rid of them at any rate; that I expect his assistance, and that he may depend on my favor and protection.'

"In obedience to these instructions, I had several conferences with the Duke of Newcastle, the substance of which I reported to his Majesty. That I had found his Grace just as I expected; eager and impatient to come into power, but dreading the danger with which it must be accompanied.

"That he had made one objection wherein I entirely agreed with him; that it was not yet the proper season for the changes his Majesty intended: that when the supply was granted, the inquiry at an end, and his late ministers honorably acquitted, which would probably happen in less than two months, Pitt and his followers might then be set at defiance, without any considerable danger. "But that an immediate change of administration was a desperate measure, which would create much confusion, and might involve his Majesty in new, and, perhaps, insuperable difficulties.

"To this the king made answer, neither the Duke of Newcastle nor yourself are judges of what I feel; I can endure their insolence no longer."

"We would prolong these extracts, but we wish to leave something in the book to read, even though it may have been read before in Walpole. Those who wish to contemplate a little more at large the picture of an old royal lion abandoned for the private interests of the inferior beasts, may find something of it here. There is also an appendix, consisting principally of extracts of letters from Mr. Fox, (afterwards Lord Holland,) and corroborating the text.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—One good turn deserves another, is a maxim I hold sacred. Ergo, having been greatly amused by the lucubrations of your facetious contributor, Cockney Greybeard,

I transmit to you, for his edification, a Chémico-literary Epitaphic jeu d'esprit; nothing doubting its welcome reception by honest Ephraim, inasmuch as it seems to have a probable reference to one of the Dramatis Personæ introduced in his 7th Chapter. Vide Lit. Gaz. No. 196. The mention there of the names of Godfrey and Boyle, called to my recollection an Epitaph, in my possession, said to be written by a Mr. Boyle Godfrey, whilst dying; wherein the language of olden Chémistry is made admirably subservient to the occasion. Just now popping my hands upon it, I fancied you might think it not unworthy of record, as a kind of appendix to friend Greybeard's chit-chat; to whom I beg my most hearty commendations, with a hope that his beard is not yet so grey, nor his store of Wine and Walnuts so low (if indeed it be not, like the oil and meal of yore, inexhaustible), but that he may be able to dole us out an occasional desert for many months still to come.

I am your obedient humble servant,
March 16th, 1821. COVENTRIENSIS.

Epitaph on Mr. Boyle Godfrey, Chémist; made by himself, when dying.

Here lies, to digest, macerate, and amalgamate with Clay, in Balneo Arenæ, Stratum super Stratum, The Residuum, Terra dampnata, & Caput mortuum, of Boyle Godfrey, Chémist et Medicinæ Doctor.*

A Man who in this earthly Laboratory pursued various

Processes to obtain Arcanum Vitæ; or the secret to live; also, Arcum Vitæ, Or, the art of getting; rather than that of making, Gold;

But, Alchémist like, All his Labour and Projection, Like Mercury in the fire, evaporated in Fumes; When it dissolved in its first principle.

He departed as poor as the last drops of an Alembic.

For riches are not always bestowed on the adepts of this world.

Though fond of News, He carefully avoided the Fermentation, Effervescence, and high blowing of the

And Deceitification of this life; But the radical moisture being exhausted;

The Elixir Vitæ spent And exsiccated to a cuticle;

He could no longer be suspended in his Vehicle, But, precipitated gradatim,

per Campanam, To his original dust.

May that light, brighter than the Bolognian Phosphorus,

Preserve him from the Athanor, Empyreuma, and Reverberatory Furnace of the other

world;

Depurate him from the Fæces and Scorion of this; Highly rectify and volatilize his Æthereal Spirit;

Bring it over the helm and retort of this Globe, And place it in a proper recipient or crystalline orb,

Among the elect of the flowers of Benjamin, Never to be saturated;

Till the general Resuscitation, Deflagration, Calcination, and Sublimation of all Things.

* Though he is here dubbed M.D. the title of the Epitaph, according to my copy, is an above. Perhaps Mr. Hardcastle can tell whether the Doctor be a College or self creation.

Notices of German Travellers in England, in the Summer of 1820.

(From a German Journal.)

We, of course, can speak here only of men who, with some determinate object relative to Science, Art, Natural History, &c. visited the famed Eldorado of our part of the world, where the highest enjoyments and comforts of wealth appear in such a glaring contrast with the bitterest poverty, and machinery maintains a continual combat with the human hand: men who, like industrious bees, have brought back British honey to German hives. We here mention only *en passant* the "recollections" with which Chancellor Niemeyer, of Halle, has presented us, of a Summer Tour in England, made in 1819, in company with his majesty's foreign bookseller, M. Bohte. Though the subject seems exhausted, it cannot, even now, but be very desirable to hear such a veteran in the art of education, and so accomplished a judge of all institutions for promoting religious sentiments and human welfare, deliver his opinion, in his old age, on such subjects as the national character, the rigorous observance of Sunday, the Prisons, the Female Penitentiaries, the tendency of the bible societies, the hospitals for the sick and insane, as is here done, under separate heads, without partiality or prejudice. We are impatient to hear him, in our peculiar province, deliver his opinion on the British Universities. He, too, expresses the wish, which becomes more and more urgent, that the Bible Societies, being now spread throughout all Germany (the latest founded was at Weimar, 1821), their labours may be no longer confined to a mere multiplication of the usually received translation, but that the Bible may be rendered more and more intelligible to the people, by accompanying explanations, and judicious assistance; on which subject, Professor King lately inserted, in the *Minerva*, very warm wishes and proposals.

To speak, therefore, of German travellers, who visited England last summer, with particular scientific views, we learn by authentic accounts from England, that several were observed there, and zealously seconded in their intentions by the British literati, and their own countrymen settled in that country. The first to be mentioned are the learned Orientalists, Professor Bopp, of Munich, and Professor Gesenius, of Halle. By the praiseworthy liberality of the Bavarian government, Professor Bopp has been authorised, for some years, to continue and extend his profound researches into the sacred original language of India, with the knowledge of which a kind of regeneration seems to await our philology. He has prosecuted his plan partly in Paris, where he most diligently applied to the study of the Sanscrit, five years ago, at the same time with A. W. von Schlegel, and partly in London. It was only in England that he could print with Wilkins' Sanscrit types, the new fragment of the Mahabharata, with which we also have been made generally acquainted by the admirable translation of Kosegarten, in Jena.

M. Bopp has added a Latin translation and commentary. (Nalus, Carmen Sanscritum, Paris, London, and Strasburg, by Treukel and Wurtz.) M. Bopp was particularly engaged in this edition in the winter of 1819 and beginning of 1820; and it gave great pleasure to the learned both in Germany and elsewhere. A. W. Schlegel has given a very instructive notice of it, in the first number of his *Indian Library*. In the summer of 1820, Bopp, with unabated zeal, had recourse for the promotion of his Sanscrit studies, to the English libraries, which are rich in Asiatic works; and, above all, to the rare treasures in the East India House, to which he obtained access. He left England at the end of the summer; and, during the last winter, continued his researches at Göttingen. He has now returned to Munich; and we may look forward to the important results of his profound and long-continued researches, and an account of his journey, as connected with his object; and perhaps, too, we may learn whether the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, will have a Sanscrit press, as well as the Prussian University at Bonn, where A. W. Schlegel will soon arrive from Paris, with a complete set of Sanscrit types. The second Number of the *Indian Library* has now appeared at Bonn, with an Essay on the History of the Elephant—a masterpiece of philological research, which extends over both Asia and Europe. * * * Professor Gesenius, of Halle, celebrated for his services to Hebrew grammar and lexicography, also visited, this summer, the English literary treasures and literati. He enquired in vain, at the British Museum, after the Ethiopic MSS. brought by Bruce from his Abyssinian journey: for they had been deposited there only a short time, and taken back by the heirs, because the trustees of the Museum considered the price asked for them to be too high. In fact, they are not mentioned in the new Catalogue of the Library of the Museum, in 7 vols. 8vo. But he hoped to find here the best MS. of Enoch's Apocryphal books, and to compare them with a copy taken in Paris. Lord Guilford, who patronises every literary enterprise with true British liberality, and who had them returned from the Ionian islands, did all in his power to promote M. Gesenius's researches. Thus he obtained admittance to the riches of the Bodleian and other libraries, where, by the obliging attentions of the librarians, &c. he had access to every thing, and collected ample materials for his Hebrew Lexicography, and perhaps also something towards *Miscellanea Oxonienses*. He speaks with particular praise of the kindness of the second librarian of the Bodleian Library, Mr. Alexander Nichol, a very well informed and amiable young man, who is particularly well versed in Arabic, and speaks with fluency the German language, to which he is very partial. Reciprocal esteem, and similarity of character, caused him to contract a very intimate friendship with Professor Lee, at Cambridge, who, in his 30th year, still a carpenter, was suddenly inspired with an insatiable longing after knowledge; and, by

the aid of the great Missionary Society, became, with astonishing rapidity, one of the most learned men in England. His connection with Gesenius will likewise insure the happiest success to the great cause of Christianity, and solid Biblical investigation. But we must hear Mr. Gesenius himself speak of the results of his journey in England; and we shall do so if we compare an instructive notice on the *Oriental Studies in England*, in the Supplement to the November number of the *General Literary Journal* of Halle. Professor Thilo, teacher in the school at Halle, well furnished with letters of recommendation from Chancellor Niemeyer, went for a short time only to Oxford, to compare the MS. left by the celebrated editor of the *Septuagint*, Grabe. Being engaged in a thoroughly revised critical edition of the *Codex Apocryphus of Tabinices*, a work which must lead to very different results in the present state of biblical philology, to what was possible a hundred years ago, when Fabricius undertook it, he was chiefly desirous of obtaining contributions towards it. His object, however, was not indeed attained here; but in another way.

Professor Zeune, director of the school for the blind, at Berlin, did not find (as he openly and frankly affirms), either in London or in the provincial towns, any really excellent asylum for the blind, with means of instruction, and higher aims, such as Germany possesses, and of which the admirable institution at Berlin, in particular, presents a model; and, as a warm friend to establishments for education, and popular schools, too often had occasion to find Mr. Brougham's celebrated report on the decline of popular education, and the spirit of disorder and discontent thence arising, perfectly well founded. The blind schools founded by private persons, are more directed to mechanical occupation than to the intellectual improvement of those unfortunate individuals, and stand in need of great improvements. On the other hand, he bestows high praise on the lectures and arrangements which the celebrated oculist Sir W. Adams, has introduced partly at Chelsea, for soldiers affected with ophthalmia, partly in London itself, for operations on the eye, communicating his knowledge, his instruments, and the management of them, to the crowd of young surgeons and students who attend him. The new and useful discovery of Mr. Curtis, for the relief of the deaf, and for the use of external and internal remedies against deafness, with which Dr. Robbi, of Leipzig, has made us Germans acquainted, appeared to him to merit the greatest attention. We may certainly expect from the pen of Professor Zeune, an account of what he met with in France, England, and the Netherlands, interwoven probably with many interesting remarks on the striking difference of manners and way of living in England, to which Zeune could not well accommodate himself.

With respect to the medical institutions, and the wonderful advancement of general natural history, for which the English trident opens all coasts and countries, we may

undoubtedly expect the latest information from the learned Dr. Bognor, physician, of Francfort on the Maine. The object of his journey was an accurate investigation into the medical institutions flourishing in England. His judgment of them is by no means in their praise. The absolute want of medical police, gives the widest range to the most impudent quacks. The expence of medical advice, and the difficulty of prompt consultation, in a city containing a million of inhabitants, often hinder even the more sensible people of the respectable middle class from obtaining the aid of a physician. Dr. Bognor made some valuable purchases for the newly founded and thriving Society for Natural History, at Francfort.

Mr. Stahl, a learned Swiss, very unexpectedly found, in the English libraries and booksellers' shops, many valuable requisites for the truly respectable society for the History of the Middle Ages, likewise established at Francfort on the Maine, under the powerful patronage of Baron Von Stein, and other enlightened patriots.

Dr. Charles Vogel, a Saxon philologist, passed several months this summer in London, and the neighbouring seats of the Muses, with very great advantage for the object he had in view. Dr. Vogel is chief teacher in an academy which the well-known writer for youth, Dr. C. Lang, founded some years ago, at Wackerburtsruhe, in the pleasant valley of the Elbe, on the road from Meissen to Dresden, and has carried on under public authority, hitherto with the happiest success, having above 40 pupils and 10 masters. As the academy is visited by young Englishmen, and being in proportion cheap, (300 dollars per annum,) is much esteemed, it appeared advisable that one of the teachers should go himself to England, in order to acquire an intimate knowledge of the English language and mode of living. The choice fell on the man who was best qualified, by his zeal and previous acquirements, and who continued to combine with other objects that of studying the Anglo-Saxon language in its earliest sources and glossaries; for which Lord Guilford, who is so kind a promoter of the studies of the Germans, afforded him the most desirable opportunity. The worthy Rudolf Ackermann, who is equally obliging and useful to all Germans who go to England with fixed and laudable views, did Vogel the greatest services, by good advice and powerful recommendations; and gave also, in his Repository for December, a very pleasing view of the academy at Wackerburtsruhe, and a satisfactory account of its internal management. This traveller derived extraordinary advantage from the offer of his excellency Baron Von Just, minister of the king of Saxony, in London, a distinguished patron of the arts and sciences, to accompany him on a tour beyond the Tweed, to Edinburgh and Glasgow; so that he visited, under the most favourable auspices, the magnificent country seats of the English nobility (Woburn Abbey for instance), the natural beauties of the northern counties, and viewed, without reserve, the wonders of the English and Scotch

machinery and all-surpassing industry, in their chief seats. In a general assembly of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he received a present of Russian bibles, for the pupils from Russia in his academy. He collected every where, with the most indefatigable zeal, and will probably suffer many parts of his journal to be made public. But his peculiar modesty will perhaps deter him from appearing as a writer of Travels, in his own person. It were much to be wished that he could be prevailed upon to add a supplementary volume to Goede's Travels, which are accounted classical.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE COMET.—As the Comet which lately appeared in the Constellation Pegasus, is probably again visible, or will soon become so, in its return from the sun; it may be satisfactory to such observers as may be desirous of looking for it in the morning before sunrise, to be in possession of elements, sufficient for computing its place. To this end we subjoin the following, computed by Mons. Nicolet, of the Royal Observatory at Paris.

Perihelion Passage, March 21, 1821. 9^h 33' 7"
in evening, Paris time.

Logarithm of Perihelion distance 8.95953
Long. of the Perh. on the orbit 239° 18' 37"
Inclination 74 10 53
Longitude of the ascending node 48 32 12

Motion Retrograde.

These differ almost imperceptibly from a set of elements computed by the celebrated Professor Encke. Their coincidence is less close with those calculated by Professor Nicolai of Mannheim, which are:

Perihelion passage, March, 21-6016 Mannheim time.

Log. Perihel. distance 8.96466
Longitude of Perihelion 239° 34' 5"
Inclination 73 23 15
Long. of ascending node 48 43 34

Motion Retrograde.

These, on the other hand, agree almost precisely with the elements of M. von Staudt of Göttingen; but there is reason to suppose the former, as above given, more correct.

II.

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

To the volume of Tu-li-shin's embassy, of which we gave an account in No. 219, Sir G. Staunton has added some notices of Chinese Literature, and translations of recent publications which, not having mixed up with the travelling portion of the work, we think may be advantageously made an article *per se*, for our columns. Few European readers are aware that the literature of China is very extensive, and that the press of that country teems with almost as heavy and as frequent loads, as does the press of Britain. And though the subjects treated of are chiefly of a local interest, they nevertheless furnish characteristic pictures of the institutions and manners of the people.

In his appendix, Sir George Staunton has given us in miscellaneous translations, specimens of their novel, dramatic, botanical, and periodical writings. The novel called Yu-kiao-lee, of which four chapters are selected is, we understand, about to be published entire, by M. Abel Remusat; and we shall then have a fuller opportunity of contemplating, through the medium of a tale of fiction, those habits and feelings which such works are calculated to exhibit. "The dramatic works of the Chinese (says our author) are certainly less calculated, on the whole, than their novels, to reward the labour of the translator. Too local and national to please much as mere compositions, and their minute beauties of style and language necessarily, in great measure, lost in the translation, the remaining sources of interest are but slender; the dramatic dialogue drily rendered, and unaided by the talents of the actor, can convey, generally speaking, no more than a very imperfect outline of that interesting picture of life and manners, which, in their novels and romances is filled up in its minutest details.

"Of the Chinese Drama we possess as yet but two complete specimens in the English language; one translated originally into French in the latter end of the seventeenth century, by Father Premare, and possessing some adventitious interest, from its having afforded the ground-plan of Voltaire's celebrated tragedy of the Orphan of China; and the other more recently, by Mr. Davis, a young but distinguished Chinese scholar of this country, and published three or four years ago in London, together with an interesting introduction by the editor."

But one of the most striking features in the Chinese drama are the songs, somewhat resembling the Greek choruses, and constituting generally a fourth part of the text;—and "These songs, it is to be observed, are by no means easily to be understood by a foreigner, and appear to be seldom or never absolutely essential to the development of the plot; being, in general, little more than high-toned declamatory repetitions of the sentiments expressed in the prose lines immediately preceding. Though certainly written in what may be termed poetic language, they are not subjected to any of the ordinary metrical or other rules of Chinese poetry; but it is evident that they are intended to be sung, or at least recited in some peculiar cadence, as the first words of some familiar song are always prefixed, in the precise manner that they are occasionally with us, in order to indicate in each case the appropriate tune."

The botanical piece is a mere herbal, entitled Kuen-Fang-poo*, and the following ex-

* Many of the Chinese elementary and scientific books, are very curious. It is not many weeks since we went over a treatise on drawing, from the first principles of the art to the noblest combinations of form. Plates of scratches which would have been ludicrous on a school-boy's slate, were intermingled with bold and masterly landscapes, in which rock, and wood, and water, were treated in really a sublime style. The massing was often prodigiously fine, and

ample is taken from its observations on the annual herbaceous cotton plant. "This cotton in its raw state, affords a light and pleasant lining for clothes; the seeds yield an oil, which being expressed from them, the remainder is serviceable as manure; the capsules, or pods, being hard and woody, are used for firing, and the leaves afford nourishment to cattle, so that every part of this vegetable may be appropriated to some useful purpose." It is of a brown cotton of this kind that the nankeen is made; it is principally cultivated in the province Kiangnan. A peculiar fact is stated, viz., that if the seed be steeped in water in which eels have been boiled, the plants will resist the attacks of insects:—it would be a curious experiment to ascertain if fish water would have a similar effect upon any other seeds in Europe.*

The periodical matter is from the *Peking Gazette*, a state engine of great importance; and from this we subjoin two of the shortest paragraphs, as examples.

"3d and 4th of the Moon of the 6th year of Kia King.—May 14th and 15th, 1801.

IMPERIAL EDICT.

"The marriage of the third Imperial Princess *Ho-je*, being appointed to take place in the ensuing spring, the Tribunal of Mathematics is ordered to select a fortunate day for the celebration of this event. *Khin-tse.*"

"23d of the 6th Moon of the 6th year of Kia King.—July 3d and 4th, 1801.

IMPERIAL EDICT.

"The gracious protecting Temple of the King of the Dragons, on the mountain *Yu-chun-shan*, has, on every occasion of drought, proved favourable to the prayers we offered up there, according as long since has been duly recorded in our sacred registers. Immediately after the summer solstice of the present year, a great want of rain was experienced; on which account we were induced, on the 17th instant, again to offer up our prayers and sacrifices in person, at the temple above men-

tioned. In the course of the very same day a fall of small rain, or dew, was observed, and on the following, the country was relieved by frequent and copious showers. This further proof of efficacy in granting our requests augments our veneration; and in testimony thereof, we direct that the temple of this propitious divinity shall receive an additional appellation, and be styled on all future occasions, 'The gracious in protecting and efficacious in preserving' the Temple of the King of the Dragons. *Khin-tse.*"

We now revert to the novel which contains the adventures of the lovely Hung-yu, the daughter of a Mandarin, whose father is persecuted in consequence of refusing her in marriage to Tang-fang, the loutish son of a Mandarin more powerful than he is. We quote a part most descriptive of Chinese manners: Tang-fang has been be-praised to the parent and friends of the lady, when one of the latter—

"*Oo-han-lin* remarked, that if Tang-fang was really so clever and so amiable as he was described, it was strange that his father did not bring him more forward into notice. But, in order to ascertain the truth of the matter, *Oo-han-lin* proposed to give an entertainment to the father and son, and to invite *Pe-tay-chang* to meet them. This plan having been fixed upon, invitations were sent out accordingly to Tang-yu-sse and to Tang-fang. They both very readily assented, as they looked upon this circumstance as a favourable omen of the success of their project.

"During the entertainment, Tang-yu-sse repeatedly assured the company that his son's silence proceeded wholly from his extreme modesty; and whenever he was addressed, Tang-yu-sse took care always to prompt a reply, in order to prevent his son committing himself, and discovering his incapacity.

"However, after they had drank a good deal of wine, and had risen from table, Tang-fang was accidentally separated from his father, and, upon casting his eyes vacantly about him, happened to fix them on a particular inscription in a corner of the apartment.* *Oo-han-lin* noticed him, and said, 'The sentence you are reading was written by a friend of mine, and is much admired.' Tang-yu-sse the father not being at hand, there was nobody to check or to prompt him on this occasion, and he accordingly made so absurd a criticism upon the inscription, that, from that moment, *Pe-tay-chang* was completely undeceived respecting his boasted merits and abilities."

Tang-fang is accordingly rejected; but the father of Hung-yu is sent out of the way on a state-mission, and the wicked designs of Tang-yu-sse are prosecuted against the

* It is an universal usage among the Chinese to ornament their principal apartments with tablets, containing quotations from their poets and philosophers, and sometimes with the autographs and original compositions of their literary friends, which they take pains to display to advantage, whenever, from their intrinsic merit, or the name of the writer, they are considered to confer honour on the possessor.

daughter. To protect her she is taken secretly into the family of *Oo-han-lin*, and passed as his child, though he has but one daughter, for beauty the reverse of her cousin. *Oo-han-lin* retires to the country, and looks out for a fit match for his ward.

"One day he happened to go to a neighbouring temple, which was agreeably situated, and much resorted to by the principal inhabitants of the district, some of whom occasionally dined there, and others amused themselves by writing verses, and hanging them upon the walls of the building.

"*Oo-han-lin* read some of these verses, and was particularly struck with the couplets signed *Su-ye-pe*, of which the ink seemed scarcely yet dry. He called to him one of the priests, and asked, 'Who is the writer of these pleasing verses?' He replied, 'They were written by one of a party of young gentlemen, who occasionally come here to drink wine, and regale themselves. He asked, 'Where are they now?' The priest replied, 'Sir, they have retired, having made way for you and the other elderly gentlemen with you.'

"*Oo-han-lin* reflected within himself, that if this *Su-ye-pe* should prove as amiable and pleasing, as he appeared to be clever and well instructed, he would make an excellent husband for his ward now named *Vu-kiao*.

(To be continued.)

FINE ARTS.

MARTIN'S PICTURE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—The critics seem much divided concerning the propriety of the omission of the hand, in Martin's picture. One of them, a writer in the *London Magazine*, has scouted with contempt the reason for it given by one of your correspondents, viz. that the hand was seen by none but the king. Will you allow me to run the risk of the said critic's rod, by suggesting another, which I have not seen noticed before, but which seems to me to be very obvious, and not unlikely to have been Mr. M.'s own reason. It is this,—The time which Mr. M. has chosen for the action of his picture, is that in which the Prophet Daniel is explaining the mysterious words to the king. It is plain, therefore, (as Daniel was not sent for till the Chaldeans and soothsayers had failed in their attempts at interpretation,) that a considerable time has elapsed since the writing was finished. Now, I think that it is a very natural supposition, that the hand no longer remained after it had fulfilled its task of tracing the characters upon the wall; there certainly was no reason that it should, nor is there any thing in the Biblical account to contradict this opinion, or to support the contrary opinion, that it did remain. I confess, though this appears quite satisfactory to me, that I should like to know the reason that determined Mr. Martin. That it was a very good one cannot be doubted by any one who has observed the very great pains and thought which he has exercised in every part of this surprising picture. I am, &c.

B.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DISCOVERY.

An original Dramatic Scene, by Barry Cornwall.
(Concluded.)

Scene II.—A Garden.

Ricciardo, alone.

Ric. Hark! no, it is no sound; but Silence seems

At last to have awaken'd from her sleep,
Wherein she long hath lain—ay, since her birth,
Bound as in chains. This night she comes, methinks,

(Harmonious Silence!) from her summer cave
Riding the air, and with these perfumes now
Mingles her finer essence. Every flower,
The rose and delicate lily slumber here
Soundly as doth the poppy, on whose leaves
Night, dark and self-conceiving, lay of yore
When Sleep, her child, was born. Oh! Catherine,

What a dull slave is time!—What noise was that
Ringing beneath the stars? One—two—three—
—hark!

Again, again—no more: The heavy chimes
Which quarter the blue hours, tell me that still
One fourth remains behind, and then—my love!
Then shall I see thee, my sweet Catherine;
Till then I'll sing, or sleep—I cannot; no,
I'll dream of thee—and Heaven. How bright
It shines!

And thou art bright, and fair, and all is fair,
The day, the night, the morn, the earth and sky,
Sunshine and rain, streams and the circling air,
All flowers, all herbs—the whole great world is
fair,

For happiness dwells in't.....

Darkness hath put

Her jewels on her head, and looks to-night
Imperial. Oh! what tales were those, (how fine)
Which told that, high above the hanging skies,
Synods were held, and social companies
Of goddesses and proud Saturnian gods:
Jove—child of that old Saturna who devoured
His sons; as honary Time sweeps down the hours,
Great Jove was first, whose nod, complete as
fate,

Shook far and wide the azure palaces
Of Heaven, and made pale Olympian cheeks;
And Juno, skiey queen, whose jealous love
Betrayed the father of the gods to pain.
Look, where he rolls and rolls (a planet now)
Subject to all immortal laws that bind
The universal world for aye, and there—
Methinks I see the starry hunter there,
(Orion) fierce as when he scared the herds
In Pluto's shadowy regions, following fast
O'er cliffs, and plains, and melancholy hills.

—How slowly pass the hours! dear Catherine!
Her chamber is not lighted yet, within:
So, patience, my wild heart—she comes, she
comes.

[He makes the signal.]

Cath. (from the window) Who's there?

Ric. My love, my love!

Cath. Hush!—is it you?

Come hither. Spring upon the arch,—there;
so, 'tis well.

Ric. Dear Catherine!

Cath. I am weary: 'tis a shame

To say this, yet my eyelids are weight'd down,
As tho' by some unnatural power, to-night.

Ric. 'Tis thus with me: the scarlet poppy's
breath

Has blown on me, and when I stood just now
Beside you bed of flowers, the odours took
My senses so, that had I not looked up
On the cool stars, methinks I must have sunk.

Cath. I cautioned you. Remember!

Ric. Love, perhaps,
Intends us good. From his rich treasury
Some bright reward is destined for a pair
Who love so truly, sweet, as you and I.
Perhaps he means to crown us happily,
(Let us think so,) or bless us in our dreams:
So, rest.

Cath. Must we then part?

Ric. We will not part:
Let's sit thus till we sleep. Give me your hand:
How white it is!

Cath. Your forehead's whiter.

Ric. No:

Place them beside each other. Ha! how cool
Your small hand lies upon my feverish brow.
'Tis snow, and you'll dissolve.

Cath. Oh! foolish youth.

Ric. Why, you are fairer far than any nymph
Of strange antiquity, and you may be
Thus beautiful perhaps (thus tender too)
To tempt me to some—good.

Cath. Some good?

Ric. Ah! surely.

No ill can live with thee, my love. The air
Is very soothing. Hush!—you sleep?

Cath. Not yet.

What was't you said?—you spoke?

Ric. I said the air was soothing, and provoked
Slumber.

Cath. Hold fast my hand. Good night!

Ric. Sleep on,

Sleep on; and I will watch thee as a dove
Watches his young; and yet my eyelids fall
Perpetually. Yet, sleep; for I, tho' sleeping,
Can guard thee still. The smallest noise will stir
My fears, and I shall wake if aught be nigh.
—My eyes are dull. The drowsy deity
Methinks has hung his wreath about my head:
Perhaps the Fairies, here, or wood gods now
Act some strange mystery beneath the moon,
Which man may not behold. If it be so,
Why it were well to covet slumber. Hush!—
[He sleeps.]

[Falkenna enters.]

Fal. Catherine! my girl!—asleep so quick-
ly? Ha!

Who's there?—Ricciardo. So, they would not
trust me.

I'll punish them for this. Poor silly children,
To think me blind while all their love I saw,
And did resolve their happiness.—Awake!
How, Catherine! Ricciardo, rise! awake!
You visit late, sir, at my daughter's chamber.
She's very trusting.

Cath. Oh!—

Fal. Be silent, girl.

Ric. We have been here, discoursing—

Fal. Doubtless, sir,

Discoursing,—of the moon, and old men's wits,
Or which the full moon ways: was it not so?

Cath. My dear, dear father!

Fal. You, Ricciardo, speak!

Ric. What shall I say? I came—I fear'd—
Oh! sir,

An honest tale is best: I cannot feign,
And would not if I could. I love her.

Cath. Hush!

Fal. Let him speak on.

Ric. Dear Catherine, let me speak.

'Tis better, be thou certain. I have loved
Your daughter—still I love her, fairly, truly—
Have breathed her name in secret many months,
Have mixed it in all wishes,—in my prayers;
I have no hope without her. I would fain
Wed her, sir.

Fal. Well, go on. No more?

Ric. No more.

Fal. Then Catherine thou must speak.

Cath. I cannot.

Fal. I

Have been so hard a father—

Cath. No, no, no.

Fal. So hard ye would not trust me. 'Twas
not well.

It was not well; yet 'twould be worse were I
Now to revenge me on your timid hearts,
And say, "part here, for ever." That were bad;
But, that I may not lose my vengeance quite,
Nor you a lesson, know, that in return
For all your want of trust—(it was not well;
I say't again!) I—give ye to each other.

Ric. Oh! sir.

Cath. Dear father!

Fal. I—I am not wont

To let such idle things escape as tears,
Yet once I'll be a fool, and weep with ye.
Heaven's brightest blessings rest on ye, for ever.
Ricciardo, if you do her wrong, you do
A wrong to me: our hearts will aile together.
I shall resent, tho' she, (poor, tender worm)
May turn and hurt not.

Ric. I will never wrong her.

Fal. I think you will not—I was harsh: for-
give't.

Joy has its fears, you know, and stoops at times
To jealous words, like grief. Once more, for-
give.

—And now, until the morning comes, I must
Say 'part!' To-morrow, holy bonds shall chain
Your hands for ever. You, Ricciardo, must
Leave your lone home and be a tenant here,
(I cannot part with her,) and you may come,
After the church has bound you, when you will,
Beneath my daughter's lattice.—Oh! you
smile,—

And tell her stories of the nightingale,
And of its love, the rose,—or of the moon,
Or of—what'er you please. Now, quit her hand,
Ricciardo, and farewell. The night wears on.

Cath. Is it so late, indeed?

Ric. Until the morning,

Farewell, my own dear Catherine.

Cath. Oh! farewell.

Fal. Now, shut the casement,—so, kiss me,
my girl.
Have I done right?—well, well! good night,
good night. [Ric. goes.]

* As these scenes were written from a faint
recollection of the story, they may not coincide
with the detail of Boccaccio.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.—NO. XIV.

Paris, March 26th, 1821.

The French Academy has just lost one of
its most celebrated members, and the Tri-
bune of its ablest orators; namely, the Mar-
quess de Fontanes, who died a few days ago.
For the space of thirty years the Marquess
has taken a distinguished part in French
literature, and in the principal departments
of the administration; and latterly he has
been at the head of the French University.
The eminence which he attained is a striking
proof of the success which, in revolution-
ary times, frequently attends men who are
endowed with extraordinary talents and the
address requisite for turning them to good
account. Fontanes was merely vegetating
in a state of poverty in Paris when the re-
volution broke out. He soon found that a

new career was opened to men of letters; he wrote for several of the journals, and obtained the post of professor at the old college *des quatre nations*. In his discourses, he extolled the republican genius, and wrote a poem on the *Deliverance of Greece*, which was never published, probably because the republic was overthrown before the poem was concluded. The Marquess de Fontanes, however, did not possess a character sufficiently energetic to lead him to take a decided part in the revolution; he even became suspected by the government, and was obliged to seek an asylum in England, where he lived on very intimate terms with the other emigrants, and particularly with M. de Chateaubriand. I know not whether his exile disgusted him with the republican regime, or whether his intimacy with M. de Chateaubriand inspired him with some portion of that enthusiasm which the author of *Attila* has always evinced for the old regime; but the fact is, that when Fontanes returned from England, under the Consulate of Buonaparte, he declared himself a decided friend to the monarchical regime, and old French institutions; and in his writings declaimed against civil and religious liberty. He was an enemy to the consolatory system of the perfectibility of the human species, which Madame de Stael so eloquently developed; and unceasingly insisted on the necessity of reconstructing a religious and civil power, to restore the morals of old times.

Writers like M. de Fontanes, were very useful to Buonaparte; for the opinions which they entertained, or affected to entertain, tended to represent him as the repaire of the mischiefs of the revolution: they carried the torch before him, and cleared for him the road to the throne. Consequently, he was not backward in taking them into his service, and paying them liberally. Before M. de Fontanes he considered as the servant of Buonaparte, it is but fair to call to mind the most glorious moment of his life; namely, when he was invited by the French Government, in 1800, to deliver, in the church of the Invalids in Paris, (which had been converted into a Temple of Mars) Washington's funeral sermon, in conformity with a custom borrowed from the Greeks, but which was abolished with the revolution. The *elogue* was worthy of the great man in whose honor it was pronounced, and of all Fontanes' productions, it is certainly that which redounds most to the honour of its author.

It is melancholy to reflect, that an orator who had so nobly eulogized the American confederation, should shortly afterwards crouch at the feet of a despot, and degrade himself by the most servile flattery. The remainder of Fontanes' life is a succession of proceedings highly dishonourable to a man endowed with his great talent. If the slaves in the seraglios of the East possessed the faculty of public speaking, they could not have carried servility to greater lengths than did the Marquess de Fontanes, grand master of the Imperial University, in his harangues to the Emperor. On one occasion he thus addressed Napoleon:—"Sire, good sense reverses all that is useful even before it can be

explained; it bows with respect before the *mystery of power and obedience*, and abandons itself to the religion which renders princes sacred, by making them the image of God himself. The duty of the University is to form faithful and submissive subjects to your Majesty; from its bosom there shall one day arise warriors who will conquer under *your orders*—magistrates who will enforce obedience to *your laws*—priests who will bless you at the foot of the altar restored by *your wisdom*—men of learning, writers, and artists, who will perpetuate by their works, the recollection of *your great actions*." He addressed the young king of Rome, then five months old, as follows:—"Tender infant, whenever you are able to read the exploits of heroes, and of your father, who eclipses them all, you will need no other lessons or models."

It is whimsical enough, that when the orator wished to reprint all these monuments of flattery, and to combine them in one collection, the government, or the police, refused him permission to do so, observing, that it was quite sufficient to have heard them once. The partisans of Fontanes pretend, that Buonaparte was offended at the indirect rebukes which the orator concealed under the mask of adulation. It must be confessed, that they were well concealed, for it would have been difficult to discover them. It is more probable, that Buonaparte, in spite of his fondness for flattery, was disgusted by the gross servility of the Director of Public Education.

M. de Fontanes has frequently been praised for having revived the study of the classics, which had been so much neglected during the revolution. It is certain, that he had a strong taste for classical study; and that he selected, as public teachers, none but men who were worthy of that distinction; it is also true, that he averted the mischief to which the cause of public education might have been occasionally exposed under the despotic government of the Emperor. But it cannot be denied, that the Grand Master of the University, loaded with honours and wealth, seconded the will of his master with all his might, and created a system of education which tended to render the students blind slaves, and to revive those shackles and antiquated forms, from which the revolution had fortunately freed public education in France. It is scarcely necessary to add, that in his veneration for absolute power, Fontanes was as extravagant a flatterer of the king as of the emperor; and that, during the last months of his life, he supported, in the Chamber of Peers, the ultra-monarchical projects of his party, in contradiction to the liberal system.*

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

The following extraordinary relation of a supposed supernatural appearance I re-

* We remember visiting the Marquess at the University some years ago, and wish to bear testimony to his politeness and attention to strangers. Ed.

ceived from the mouth of a man of veracity, and a scholar. It was related by a professor of physic in the University of Strasburgh, in which my informant was a student. The professor was a man of the strictest probity, and an eye-witness of the mysterious, and, as it proved, fatal occurrence to which I allude. On his death-bed he solemnly avowed to a party of students, who interrogated him whether he had related the story merely to excite their wonder, or whether what he asserted was a fact? that the affair was undoubtedly true, but that the agency by which it was performed was to him inexplicable. If you think proper to lay it before your readers it is at your service. I am, respectfully, Sir, yours, &c. * Δ.

Professor K——, of the University of Strasburgh, in the former part of his life, resided at Frankfort on the Maine, where he exercised the profession of a physician. One day being invited to dine with a party of gentlemen, after dinner, as is the custom in Germany, coffee was brought in; an animated conversation commenced, various subjects were introduced, and at length the discourse turned upon apparitions, &c. K—— was amongst those who strenuously combated the idea of supernatural visitations, as preposterous and absurd in the highest degree. A gentleman, who was a captain in the army, with equal zeal supported the opposite side of the question.

The question was long and warmly contended, both being men of superior talents, till in the end the attention of the whole company was engrossed by the dispute. At length the captain, proposed to K—— to accompany him that evening to his country house, where, if he did not convince him of the reality of supernatural agency, he would then allow himself, in the estimation of the present company, to whom he appealed as judges of the controversy, to be defeated. The professor, with a laugh, instantly consented to the proposal, if the captain, on his honour, would promise that no trick should be played off upon him: the Captain readily gave his word and honour that no imposition or trick should be resorted to, and here for the present the matter rested. Wine and tobacco now circulated briskly, and the afternoon passed in the utmost harmony and conviviality. The Captain took his glass cheerfully, while K—— prudently reserved himself, to be completely on his guard against any manoeuvre that might be practised in order to deceive him, or, as he properly observed, 'to be in full and sober possession of his faculties, that whatever should be presented to his sight, might be examined through the medium of his reason.' The company broke up at rather an early hour, and the Captain and K—— set out together on their *spiritual* adventure. When they drew near the Captain's house, he suddenly stopped near the entrance to a solemn grove of trees. They descended from their vehicle, and walked towards the

* We insert this account with pleasure, as a pleasing miscellany; though its resemblance to the Ghost Seer of Schiller will strike many of our readers. Ed.

grove. The Captain traced a large circle on the ground, into which he requested K— to enter. He then solemnly asked him if he possessed sufficient resolution to remain there alone to complete the adventure; to which K— replied in the affirmative. He added further, 'whatever you may witness, stir not, I charge you, from this spot, till you see me again; if you step beyond this circle, it will be your immediate destruction.' He then left the Professor to his own meditations, who could not refrain from smiling at what he thought the assumed solemnity of his acquaintance, and the whimsical situation in which he was placed. The night was clear and frosty, and the stars shone with a peculiar brilliancy: he looked around on all sides to observe from whence he might expect his ghostly visitant. He directed his regards towards the grove of trees: he perceived a small spark of fire at a considerable distance within its gloomy shade. It advanced nearer; he then concluded it was a torch borne by some person who was in the captain's secret, and who was to persuate a ghost. It advanced nearer and more near; the light increased; it approached the edge of the circle wherein he was placed. 'It was then,' to use his own expressions, 'I seemed surrounded with a fiery atmosphere: the heavens and every object before visible was excluded from my sight.' But now a figure of the most undefinable description absorbed his whole attention; his imagination had never yet conceived any thing so truly fearful. What appeared to him the more remarkable, was an awful benignity poured in its countenance, and with which it appeared to regard him. He contemplated for a while this dreadful object, but at length fear began insensibly to arrest his faculties. He sunk down on his knees to implore the protection of heaven; he remarked, for his eyes were still riveted on the mysterious appearance, which remained stationary, and earnestly regarded him, that at every repetition of the name of the Almighty, it assumed a more benignant expression of countenance, whilst a terrific brilliancy gleamed from its eyes. He fell prostrate on the ground, fervently imploring heaven to remove from him the object of his terrors. After a while he raised his head, and beheld the mysterious light fading by degrees in the gloomy shades of the grove from which it issued. It soon entirely disappeared, and the Captain joined him almost at the same moment. During their walk to the Captain's house, which was close at hand, the Captain asked his companion, 'Are you convinced that what you have now witnessed was supernatural?' K— replied, 'he could not give a determinate answer to that question; he could not on natural principles account for what he had seen, it certainly was not like any thing earthly, he therefore begged to be excused from saying any more on a subject which he could not comprehend.' The Captain replied, 'he was sorry he was not convinced,' and added, with a sigh, 'he was still more sorry that he had ever attempted to convince him.' Thus far it may be considered as no more than a common phan-

tasmagorical trick, played off on the credulity of the Professor; but in the end the performer paid dearly for his exhibition: he had, like a person ignorant of a complicated piece of machinery, given impetus to a power which he has not the knowledge to controul, and which in the end proves fatal to him who puts it in motion. K— now assumed a gaiety which was very foreign to his feelings: his thoughts, in spite of his endeavours, were perpetually recurring to the events of the evening; but in proportion as he forced conversation the Captain evidently declined it, becoming more and more thoughtful and abstracted every moment. After supper K— challenged his friend to take a glass of wine, hoping it would rouse him from those reflections which seemed to press so heavy on his mind. But the wine and the Professor's discourse were alike disregarded: nothing could dispel the settled melancholy which seemed to deprive him of the power of speech. I must observe, that immediately after supper, the Captain had ordered all his servants to bed. It drew towards midnight, and he remained still absorbed in thought, but apparently not wishing to retire to bed. K— was silently smoking his pipe, when on a sudden a heavy step is heard in the passage; it approaches the room in which they are sitting,—a knock is heard: the Captain raises his head and looks mournfully at K—. The knock is repeated—both are silent: a third knock is heard, and K— breaks the silence by asking his friend why he does not order the person in. Ere the Captain could reply, the room door was flung wildly open, when behold! the same dreadful appearance which K— had already witnessed stood in the door way. Its awful benignity of countenance was now changed into the most appalling and terrific frown. A large dog which was in the room crept whining and trembling behind the Captain's chair. For a few moments the figure remained stationary, and then motioned the Captain to follow it; he rushed towards the door, the figure receded before him, and K—, determined to accompany his friend, followed with the dog. They proceeded unobstructed into the court yard; the doors and gates seemed to open spontaneously before them. From the court yard they passed into the open fields; K— with the dog were about 20 or 30 paces behind the Captain. At length they reached the spot near to the entrance of the grove, where the circle was traced; the figure stood still, when on a sudden a bright column of flame shot up, a loud shriek was heard, a heavy body seemed to fall from a considerable height, and in a moment after all was silence and darkness. K— called loudly on the Captain, but received no answer. Alarmed for the safety of his friend, he fled back to the house, and quickly assembled the family. They proceeded to the spot, and found the apparently lifeless body of the Captain stretched on the ground. The Professor ascertained, on examination, that the heart still beat faintly; he was instantly conveyed home, and all proper means were resorted to to restore animation; he revived a little, and

seemed sensible of their attentions; but remained speechless till his death, which took place in three days after. Down one side, from head to foot, the flesh was livid and black, as if from a fall or severe bruise. The affair was hushed up in the immediate neighbourhood, and his sudden death was attributed to apoplexy.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.—On Tuesday, a new ballet, entitled *La Paysanne Supposée* was produced. It is of Deshayes' composition, and afforded considerable scope for the exploits of the corps which now astonishes the natives and delights the amateurs. Albert gave so much satisfaction, that he was compelled to come forward, after the dance in the foreign fashion, to endure rounds of applause, as high as his *sauts*; and as long as his *pirouettes*. The ladies also acquitted themselves miraculously. John Bull never saw such things before, and bellowed his admiration.

Miss Wilson's engagement terminated on Thursday night with her performance of Rosetta, in *Love in a Village*; she was in fine voice, and acted with great spirit and intelligence: her dramatic excellence (even when unaided by her extraordinary powers as a singer) frequently drew loud plaudits. Miss Wilson has attained much of that rich accomplishment of voice which has seemed the peculiar gift of the inhabitants of a more favoured climate; she shews a more refined instruction than we have heard elsewhere. An English audience, (said a distinguished foreigner lately, on hearing one of those distressing and laboured efforts of voice with which our English singers modestly seek to add additional charms and grace to Italian melodies, and which from their weary continuance, generally detach the hearer from all recollection of the original air,) possesses the greatest complaisance, or most vitiated taste, to endure this. We know that we do not always feel actuated by the former, and must bend to the charge of the latter. But Miss Wilson needs not the exercise of the first, nor does she minister to the latter. Her cadences are rapid; they do not usurp the time of the theme of her song; and they are rich illustrations, rather than the usual unmeaning wanderings of our English songstresses. We congratulate her, and the public, on what she has hitherto done; and she has our best wishes for her future success. The opera was succeeded by what is with ridiculous affectation entitled a *petit* comedy, named *Mystification*. It deserves the name; and as it is a high dramatic excellence, that the denouement should not be anticipated by the audience, we must admit that *Mystification* possesses great merit, for the curtain drops while the audience seem to desire the *cui bono* of the plot. A family of distinction, living in the country, expect the visit of a young relative (Mr. Cooper); and from the mere spirit of masquerade, and at the pressing instance of an eccentric friend (Mr. Harley),

determine on disguising their tempers, and assuming new characters. The relation arrives, accompanied by an Irish servant. The early discovery of the imposition by the master, and the assiduity of the servant towards Lady Frances, in the costume of a waiting-maid, are the main incidents. The rapidly-formed attachment of the visitor to an unsophisticated girl, who reluctantly aids the general deception, concludes the performance. Slender as the plot is, the characters are so well supported as to keep the attention alive. Nothing can fail entirely, when sustained by Mrs. Edwin or Mr. Orger. There was some disapprobation expressed on the falling of the curtain. Is this petit comedy borrowed from France?—for when we do take the trouble of importing, we might as wisely bring over something worth carriage. The house was well filled. Miss Wilson is its tutelary genius.

Covent Garden.—*London Stars*, a petite piece, written, we are informed, by George Colman, and calculated to display Mr. Yates in those imitative efforts which now seem to be established as a variety in dramatic representations, has been played several times at this house, with good success. Such things, however, afford no materials for criticism; they please in their day, and pass into night.

Covent Garden Fund Anniversary.—This excellent Institution, (according to the most approved and successful English custom of exciting an appetite for benevolence by corporeal repletion, and extracting a charitable spirit from vinous fermentation,) held its annual festival at the Freemasons' Tavern last Wednesday. The company was numerous, and displayed a happy mixture of ranks, from the presiding prince, H. R. H. the Duke of York, to ———; but it would be desperate to designate the lower links of the convivial chain. A meeting of this sort is so peculiar to our country, and so full of matter for observation, that we fancy, (*i. e.* on the morning after its libations were performed,) we should like to describe it at some length; for which purpose we require a few days; and therefore, hoping to execute our intension next week, we for the present state only, that the amusement and business went off with great éclat: every body seemed pleased, and the subscription exceeded 1400*l*.

WALKER'S EIDOURANION.

We are now drawing to the close of a season which has afforded, intermingled with its usual gaieties, peculiar opportunity for the cultivation of, and attention to, the most sublime branches of science and speculative knowledge; and it is with regret at its approaching cessation, that we feel called on to notice the astronomical lecture and exhibition of Mr. Walker's Eidouranion. The scenery is eminently clear and intelligible; but the highest merit is in the verbal simplicity and harmoniousness of Mr. Walker's address. The best result of high education is that power which it confers, of simplifying to others the comprehension of difficulties which occur in the investigation of abstruse science; and Mr. W.'s illustrations of the noble astro-

nomical doctrine are unexceptionably calculated to gratify and convince the eye and ear of his numerous and attentive auditory.

VARIETIES.

Don Mot of Mr. Plunkett.—In 1818, when Mr. Plunkett and Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, were candidates at the general election (the latter being the government candidate) for the representation of the College, Dublin, a gentleman asked Mr. P. whether Mr. Reagh, one of the fellows of the College, would vote for him?—"He will," replied Mr. P.; "if he did not, he would be a *Castle* Reagh."

In our last week's enumeration of Exhibitions about to be opened in the metropolis, we accidentally omitted that of Mr. Ward's picture, at the Egyptian Hall. Having recently devoted an entire article to this subject, our forgetfulness was not of so much consequence; otherwise we should be sorry for the oversight. The Duke of Wellington has, we understand, enabled the artist to finish his labours satisfactorily; and we are glad to add this remarkable performance to our list, which will be visible to the public in about ten days.

Mr. Christie, and his second, Mr. Trail, took their trial yesterday at the Old Bailey, in consequence of the death of Mr. John Scott, in the duel at Chalk Farm. The jury retired half an hour, and found a verdict of *Not Guilty*. Mr. Patmore, Scott's second, did not surrender.

The skull of the celebrated *Descartes* was recently sold at an auction, in Stockholm, along with the library and effects of the late Professor *Sparman*.

It has been generally rumoured for some days, that the sweet little songstress, Mrs. Liston, was dead. We are happy to contradict the report, which seems to have been founded on the melancholy death of Mrs. Elliston, whose name is somewhat synonymous in sound. If, as in Gay's Epitaph in Westminster Abbey, death might be treated as a jest, we would say, that though it has been objected to the excellent representative of Dollalolla, that she was very short; it is, upon the present occasion, a fortunate circumstance for her and for the public, that she wanted an *El*.

Events now transpiring in Morocco.—The Shereef, Muley Ibrahim, (or Bryhime) who is actually contending for the throne of Morocco, is the lineal descendant and lawful heir to that throne. He is the eldest son of the redoubtable warrior, the late Emperor Muley Yezzed, who was remarkably well disposed towards our late revered Sovereign. The Sultana, Muley Yezzed's mother, was an English or an Irish woman, who had been wrecked on the coast of West Barbary, whose beauty was so attractive, that she became an inmate of the harem or seraglio, after which the Emperor Sidy Muhammed became attached to her, and married her. Muley Yezzed had always distinguished himself in the field of battle; he was always victorious when he engaged against his re-

bellious subjects, however great the disparity of numbers might be against him! He attacked, though unsuccessfully, the fortress of Ceuta, which is considered impregnable on the land side, in A. D. 1803, with an immense army, at the period that he gave his port of Santa Cruz, in South Barbary, on the confines of the Sahara, to the Dutch nation. Apprehensions are now entertained at Ceuta, that this prince will repeat his father's visit, and again attack that citadel; but if the Shereef, Muley Ibrahim, should finally succeed in dethroning his uncle Soliman, he will have many indispensable matters to arrange before he will be sufficiently at leisure to attack Ceuta.

[Since writing the above, we see from the daily papers, that the new Emperor, Muley Ishmael, was found dead in his bed (accidentally!) at Tetuan.]

[As a literary notice of much interest, we have trespassed on our intelligence, to make room for the following, which came too late for our advertisement leaf.]

Literary Fund Society.—Instituted 1790, Incorporated 1818.—The thirty-second Anniversary of this useful and laudable society, which has for its object the protection and relief of Authors, in times of distress, will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Thursday, May 3, when the company of all noblemen and gentlemen is requested, who are lovers of literature, and are desirous of protecting meritorious authors from the depressing effects of poverty.

Patron.—His Majesty the KING.

President.—His Grace the Duke of SOMERSET.

Vice-President.—Marquess of Hastings, K.G.; Earl Spencer, K.G.; Earls of Chichester, Mornorris, and Sheffield; Viscount Dudley and Ward; Lords Brandon, de Dunstanville, and Carrington; Sir W. Clayton; Sir J. Cox Hippisley; Sir R. Peel; Sir B. Hobhouse, Bart.; Owen Williams, Esq. M.P.; C. Harvey, Esq. M.P. F.S.A.; J. Symmonds, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A.; Thomas Rowcroft, Esq.; Charles Monro, Esq. F.S.A.; William T. Fitzgerald, Esq.

Stewards.—Earls of Pomfret and Blessington; Hon. Douglas Kinnaird; J. C. Holhouse, M.P.; Henry Hallam; William Jordan; James Moyses; John Murray; George Reed; John Rodwell; John Sanders, F.S.A.; George Sinclair, M.P.; George Stanley; and John Warren, Esqs.

Dinner on table at six precisely. No collection.—Tickets 15*s*. each, to be had of the stewards; of the clerk, at No. 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the bar of the tavern.—The annual subscription is one guinea and upwards; a donation of ten guineas constitutes a subscriber for life.

The Royal Society of Literature is now in so forward a state of organization, that we have no doubt of being enabled to lay its brand outline before our readers in next Literary Gazette.

••• **Literary Gazette.**—With many new subscribers, who have written to our office since our last publication, we have taken the liberty to commence with that Number, instead of the present—because it begins a quarterly part; and also because several articles of considerable interest, (such as Barry Cornwall's Poem,) are divided between the two.

The first Quarterly Part for 1821 is now published. Z.'s Epistle requires for reply only a quotation from Shakespeare: "Thou whorehouse Zed, thou unnecessary letter."

On Wat Tyler, in our next.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening. Admission, 1s.—Catalogues, 1s. (By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

MR. HAYDON'S Picture of "Christ's Agony in the Garden," is now open, at the Gallery next door to the British Institution, Pall Mall; with his Pictures of Solomon, Macbeth, Dentatus, Romeo and Juliet, and Cupid Cruising; his Studies from Nature and the Elgin Marbles; and the Drawings of his Pupils from the Cartoons. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d. Open from ten till six.

MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION OF OIL and WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS, will open at 16, Old Bond Street, on Monday, April 30th.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue 6d.

Royal Irish Academy House, Dublin.

April 26, 1831.

THE Royal Irish Academy hereby give Notice, that they propose to give a Gold Medal, weighing three ounces, to the best Essay on each of the following subjects:—

In Science.—On the Relative Ages of the Limestone Rocks of Ireland.

In Polite Literature.—On the Reciprocal Influence of the Fine Arts and Literature. Essays on either of the subjects here proposed will be received in the English, French, or Latin Languages, if sent, post free, to the Rev. J. H. Singer, Secretary, at the Academy House, 114, Grafton Street, at any time previous to the 30th June, 1831.

Fine Arts.

MR. YOUNG, Engraver to His Majesty, begs leave to announce the publication of a CATALOGUE of PICTURES by British Artists, in the possession of SIR JOHN LEICESTER, Bart. with Engravings of the whole Collection; and also a Second Edition of a Catalogue of Pictures at Grosvenor House. Quarto Copies, 2s. 6d. each; copies on large paper, with the impressions on India paper, 3l. 3s. each. Sold by the proprietor, No. 65, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; Jennings, in the Poultry; Messrs. Nicol; and Molteno, Pall Mall; Carpenter, Bond Street; and Rodwell and Martin, New Bond Street; Colnaghi and Co., Cockspur Street; and Ackermann, Strand.

Egyptian Tomb discovered by Mr. Belzoni.

ABOUT the middle of April, a Model of this Ancient Monument will be exhibited to the Public. The Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, will be divided, so as to present an exact and inside of the two most splendid Apartments of this Tomb of one of the Kings of Egypt; the wall will be adorned with Figures in Bas-relief, cast from the models in wax, and painted as the original, from which may be formed a most correct idea of the Arts, Sciences, and Religion of that Primitive Nation. To give the exact effect of this splendid Excavation, as seen by the Traveller, Belzoni, the apartments will be illuminated by artificial lights. Such an Exhibition of Egyptian Art has never been before introduced into Europe. A variety of very curious and interesting Specimens of Egyptian Antiquity will be placed in the Galleries of the same Hall.

Smirke's Shakespeare.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE TEMPEST, being the First Number of ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE, from Pictures painted expressly for this Work, by ROBERT SMIRKE, Esq. R.A. engraved in the finest style by the most eminent Historical Engravers.

Mode of Publication.—The Work will be comprised in Thirty-seven Numbers; each Number containing Five Illustrative Engravings, and a Vignette; the aggregate number, therefore, of the Plates will be Two Hundred and Twenty-two. If a Number will be published every Three Months, at the commencement of the Work, and after a short time every Two Months, till completed. India paper, proofs, 40s. 10s.; French paper, proofs, 40s. 10s.; Imperial 8vo, 12s.; royal 8vo, 14s.

* For the accommodation of those who may be desirous of possessing a beautiful and correct edition of Shakespeare, it is intended to publish one in octavo (without notes), from the last corrected Text of Johnson and Steevens; and the Play illustrated will be published at the same time with the Embellishments, price three shillings each Number.

A limited number of copies will be printed on imperial octavo, price six shillings each Number.

N.B. Timing of the Shares will appear in June. London: Printed for Rodwell and Martin, New Bond Street; and sold by Colnaghi and Co. Cockspur Street.

In a few days, 3 volumes duodecimo, **DE RENZEE; or the Man of Sorrow.** By RICHARD NUGENT KELLY, Esq. Printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Court, Ludgate Street.

BRITISH and FOREIGN PUBLIC LIBRARY, Conduit Street, Hanover Square. Subscribers to this Library have the right of choosing from a most extensive and valuable Collection of the best Books in the various Languages, whatever Works they may desire, which are regularly forwarded to all parts of England or the Continent; they also participate in the advantages arising from an immediate and abundant supply of New Publications, and (in the Extra Class) may direct the purchase of any work of general interest not previously added to the Library, arrangements which render its accommodations superior to those of any private Collection, however large, and at a far less expense. The New Catalogue and Addenda, with Terms, to be had on application.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Horsley's Biblical Criticism.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM ON THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, and TRANSLATIONS OF SACRED SONGS, with Notes Critical and Explanatory. By SAMUEL HORSLEY, LL.D. F.R.S. F.A.S. late Bishop of St. Asaph. These Volumes, with the Translation of the Psalms, of which a second edition has already appeared in two volumes, complete the publication of Bishop Horsley's Biblical Works, and include two Dissertations and a Translation of Hosea, before published, revised and corrected by their author. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; and F. C. and J. Livingston. Of whom may be had, by the same author, SERMONS, 3 vols. 8vo. price 1l. 7s. boards.

NINE SERMONS, on the Evidence of our Lord's Resurrection. In 8vo. price 18s. boards.

A TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS OF DAVID, with Notes, in 2 vols. 8vo. price 18s. boards.

Letter from the King to his People.

W. SAMS, Bookseller to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, begs to announce the continued and unrelaxed sale of this important Pamphlet. To the highest authority an apology, (most graciously accepted), has been made, for the use of the Royal name; and although the future sale of this pamphlet cannot but personally benefit the publisher, yet W. Sams can conscientiously assure the Public, that his motive for giving publicity to the Eighteenth edition is from a conviction that its perusal by those who have only heard of it, and not read it, will be a pleasing source of Political Information. To be had of every bookseller in the united Kingdom, price 2s.

In one vol. 8vo, with a striking and highly-faust portrait of the Author, 18s. 6d. boards.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM WALLACE, Esq.

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